

TOUCHING PERSONAL LETTER from COMFORT'S Publisher about Shut-Ins and what he is doing for them and all about his plan to provide them with invalid wheel chairs, don't fail to read it on page 2. Read the Special Editorial on page 15, about FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY. Also read offer to Old Subscribers only on page 10.

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

In which are combined and consolidated

SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, AND NATIONAL FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE

Vol XX

June 1908

No 8

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"SPEAK TO ME, MY DARLING,
I LOVE YOU."
See Lady Isabel's Daughter

Published at Augusta, Maine

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Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Kindness will win more things worth having than dollars.

You are nearly half defeated when you tell all your plans.

Buried seeds will grow, but buried talents will not.—Beecher.

"Large ideas" are not to be compared with large ideals.—Phillip Brooks.

No life is so strong and complete but it yearns for the smile of a friend.

He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.—Emerson.

In God's world, for those who are in earnest there is no failure.—F. W. Robertson.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—Ruskin.

There blooms a rose for every rose,
And dewdrops joy in weeping;
For every heart there lives a heart
Somewhere, that love is keeping.

The man who wastes time talking about his ancestors is not building up pride for his posterity.

New effort gives new life, new thoughts, new love. Old things are passed away. Let us forgive them, forget them, as we enter upon the tasks and joys of life.

Do not run after happiness, but seek to do good, and you will find that happiness will run after you. The world will seem a very good place and the world to come a better place still.

It is wonderful how much time good people spend in fighting the devil. If they would only spend the same amount of time in loving their fellow men the devil would die in his own tracks from ennui.—Helen Keller.

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day
We met and gave a touch, a smile
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I craved
As I gave you?

These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are
By love or strife?

Yes, yes! A look the fainting heart may break,
Or make it whole,
And just one word if said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul.

—May Riley Smith.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed you in temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

—Charles Kingsley.

A Personal Letter From the Publisher

AUGUSTA, MAINE, June 1, 1908.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS:

It is now five months since my New Year's day call when I took the liberty to present you my picture and sought a closer and personal acquaintance with you by means of my heart-to-heart talk which appeared in our January number. Five very busy months for me in my efforts to keep my new year's resolutions and fulfill my promise to you. Meantime COMFORT has been favored with a constantly increasing popularity, which rewards my anxious toil by showing that COMFORT is in sympathetic touch with the hearts of the people and chimes in happy unison with a soul-chord rarely touched by present-day papers and magazines.

I must thank you for your hearty and effective response to my appeal for your cooperation, which has contributed largely to the success of our COMFORT, and express my gratitude for your many kind letters conveying encouragement, good wishes and commendation of my work.

Therefore it is with the utmost confidence that I now appeal to you, and each of you, my loyal subscribers, kind readers and good friends, to contribute, not money, but just a very little of your spare time, which costs you nothing and you will never miss, in the interest of a great charity, in the cause of suffering humanity, to bring sunshine and fresh air into the dismal lives of the poor, destitute, crippled shut-ins by helping me to provide them with invalid wheel chairs. Remember, I do not ask you to give money, only a very little of your spare time in getting me one new subscription to COMFORT at 20 cents for one year. Careful account of these new subscriptions will be kept, and for each two hundred and fifty which I receive I will give, absolutely free and deliver freight prepaid, one first-class invalid wheel chair exactly the same as shown in the illustration which appears in "COMFORT'S League of Cousins" in this number, to which I would especially call your attention.

If you have been a careful reader of COMFORT you have noticed that one of its departments, the League of Cousins is largely devoted to charity works through the cooperation of the League members with each other and with the publisher. The League is large, growing and flourishing. Each member must be a subscriber to COMFORT and when he or she subscribes or renews must send in five cents in addition to the subscription price to pay for the League button and certificate of membership which are issued to each member. For sometime COMFORT has been giving an invalid wheel chair (same as shown in illustration) each month in which the subscriptions sent in by League members reached one thousand during the month, with the result that a number of worthy, destitute cripples have been provided with the means of getting out into the pure air and sunshine.

The varied charity work undertaken and successfully accomplished by COMFORT'S League of Cousins under Uncle Charlie's admirable management, and especially its invalid wheel chair beneficence is attracting such widespread attention from outside the League, and so many interested inquiries and offers of support of this noble enterprise are coming from people who are not League members, that I am led to believe that COMFORT'S readers would welcome a more extended opportunity to aid in providing wheel chairs to destitute shut-ins than is afforded by limiting this work to the League.

Accordingly I am now making the foregoing offer to donate one invalid wheel chair for each and every two hundred and fifty new one year subscriptions which I receive under the following conditions: As these wheel chairs are first-class in every particular,—just the same as are used in hospitals and by invalids who can afford them the world over,—they cost high. One of these chairs is a costly premium for me to give for a club of two hundred and fifty subscribers, and so I cannot afford to give the wheel chair in addition to the regularly advertised club premiums. So it is distinctly understood that when you send in a subscription, or a club of new subscriptions, you have your choice either to have the regular advertised premium sent you for yourself, or you may give up your premium and have the subscription or subscriptions which you send in credited to the invalid wheel chair club; and when you send in the subscriptions you must inclose a letter with them stating whether you want them credited to the wheel chair club or want some one of the premiums sent you. I am ready and anxious to do my part toward relieving the distress of the poor unfortunate cripples and I simply put it up to you to do your part.

Please to bear in mind that I have made the first move by making this liberal offer in the interest of suffering unfortunate humanity and have urged it on your attention, and that it is up to you and each of you, if charitably inclined, to make the next move. Remember that from now on the responsibility for the success or failure of this great beneficence rests wholly on you, my friends. It rests on each one of you separately and individually. Just stop and think of it and see what combined action can and will do; just see what power there is in numbers.

Why, there is not one among you who cannot easily get one or more new subscribers for COMFORT in a week's time if you really make up your mind to do so, especially when you go out to your friends or neighbors filled with the enthusiasm of such a worthy cause and show them your June COMFORT and explain your purpose. Friends frequently subscribe to help a friend earn a premium, but how much more willingly will they subscribe to aid such a worthy charity?

If a million of COMFORT'S subscribers would each send in only one new subscriber—and surely each one of you can do it,—that would make a million new subscriptions for the wheel chair club, and that would supply four thousand poor, unfortunate, destitute, crippled shut-ins each with a first-class invalid wheel chair. Such is the power of numbers. Such is the power of COMFORT'S great army of subscribers if they only work together for good,—if each one of them does his or her share.

Now please don't think that because there are so many of you that if you shirk your duty in this great work it will never be missed. Therein lurks the only danger, the one drawback that can possibly prevent this from being the greatest and most successful charitable movement ever started by any paper or magazine in the world;—the danger that some of you may think you are not especially needed in this work.

This great work needs you all and more too, for the four thousand wheel chairs which one million new subscribers would provide would supply only a very small part of the needy cripples in this great land of ours.

As I sit writing this letter in my modest home in the suburbs and look out of my open study window across the meadow where my cows are feeding and the orioles and bobolinks are filling the air with their sweet songs, down to the little brook at the foot of my pasture where the speckled trout come up from the Kennebec river, the pleasures of the summer-time, much as I love the country life, lose half their joy for me as I am reminded of the thousands of poor cripples who are deprived of the enjoyment of God's sunshine and pure air because they are too poor to buy a wheel chair, and my heart cries out in pity for them, and I believe your hearts will also, my good friends.

However poor you may be, thank God at this most lovely season of the year when all nature smiles, that you are not a helpless cripple and that you may enjoy all the beauties of nature, and let your heartfelt gratitude be expressed by sending in at least one new subscription to COMFORT to be credited to the invalid's wheel chair club.

Each month I shall print in COMFORT a statement of the number of subscriptions received for the wheel chair club and the names and addresses of the recipients of the chairs.

The eyes of the public will be on this list and if it turns out small I shall be disappointed and you will be ashamed.

But I feel confident it will be a success. Some of you may wonder how I know to whom to send all these wheel chairs. That is the easiest part of it. COMFORT'S League of Cousins has been engaged in this work for a long time and we already have a long list of deserving destitute cripples anxiously waiting for relief, and the list is growing fast. They are all reliably recommended to us as worthy objects of charity.

Many of you have canvassed to get subscribers for me and earn premiums for yourselves, and have done it successfully, while some of you would not bother to do it for a premium new subscriber this month for charity's sake. If any of you happen to be so fortunate as to be possessed of more money than spare time you can send in your money and make a present of the subscription or subscriptions to a friend or friends who would like COMFORT but cannot afford to subscribe. This would be a double act of charity on your part. Don't send money without subscribers' names and addresses written plainly.

I place my proposition before you and leave it to you and your good conscience to decide how you will treat it.

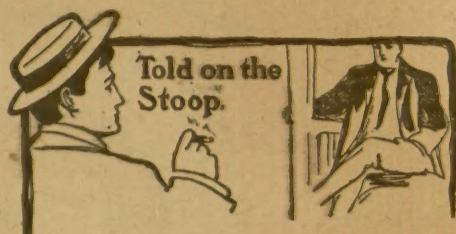
I am aware that COMFORT'S subscribers are mostly people of moderate means. They are among the workers who produce the wealth of this country, though some of them may not receive their fair share of its distribution. They mingle with the every-day world and knowing its miseries feel a more hearty sympathy and will sacrifice more for charity's sake than those whom the greed for wealth has made selfish. Therefore it is with the utmost confidence that I make this appeal to you, my dear readers.

With best wishes,

William H. Gannett

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. These wheel chairs are very costly premiums for me to give for two hundred and fifty subscriptions, and I cannot promise to continue this offer later than July 1. So hurry in your new subscriptions now and give the poor shut-ins the benefit of the wheel chairs this summer. Please understand that renewals of old subscriptions at 25 cents for two each or two 10 cents six months' subscriptions will count as one subscription.



"You all have seen shooting stars," said the man of an astronomical turn, "but maybe you don't know that they are not stars but pieces off of smashed planets sailing through space by the hundreds of millions. The small pieces we see are the fragments which come near enough to our own earth to touch its atmosphere and the friction with the air, they go so fast, heats them white hot and makes them visible. Very often they strike the earth and there are hundreds of specimens in various parts of the country. The largest in this country, and in the world I believe, is one brought down from the Arctic regions by Lieut. Peary. It weighs 36 tons and is in one of the New York museums. It is almost solid iron, and strange to say, it is exactly the same sort of iron that we dig out of our own ground. I judge by this that some if not all the other planets are made of about the same material the earth is, and they may be peopled by beings pretty much like us, I fancy. A meteor weighing about 400 pounds fell in Iowa some years ago and hit so hard that it buried itself fourteen feet in the ground. A great many meteors fall into the sea which we never hear of, and I believe some of the ships which have never been heard of after they sailed have been struck by meteors and destroyed. You can imagine what effect it would have been on, even the largest ship, to be struck anywhere by a mass of molten iron, weighing thirty-six tons, the size of the Peary meteor. Another big one is in the Swedish national museum. It weighs 25 tons. Nickel is found with the iron in meteors, and a few are sand-stone very much like our own."

"When most of you," said a man who was in the stove trade, "see the light from the fire in a stove shining through the clear substance in the doors, you call it isinglass, but it is no more isinglass than the iron of the stove is. Isinglass is almost pure gelatin made from the insides of fish. This substance that looks like it is mica, and is a mineral which is found in sheets and is very largely used in stove doors and other places where light is wanted from a heat that would melt most substances, or crack it, as it would glass. Mica is found in Norway, Sweden, Siberia, United States and other quarters of the globe, but nowhere in great quantities. Probably the finest comes from Siberia, where sheets as large as three feet square have been found. The United States produces about a million and a half pounds of sheet mica, and 1,500 tons of scrap annually, valued at \$275,000, the scrap being worth about one tenth as much as the sheet."

"The United States leads the world in patents," said the government official, "the number from 1871 to 1906, being 729,182, and all the rest of the world about twice as many. France comes next with 281,755 for the same time, and Great Britain third with 212,996. India has the smallest number, 8,638. In all there have been 849,755 articles patented in the United States, and 1,771,192 in the rest of the world, or 2,626,937 in all. The great majority of all these patents have been of no value to the patentees, some of them have paid fairly well, and the fewest number have made fortunes for their originators. Yet all over the world there are inventors dreaming and hoping and failing. But they will not learn by example or experience and go on year after year wasting their money, time, labor, mind and heart, seeking after the phantom that they can never reach. I know a good many men right now who think they have a big fortune in a patent, others who think they could have if they had money enough to get a patent, and still others who don't see why somebody with money doesn't buy what they have patented. One in a thousand may be worth something, but all of them would be a good deal better off if they worked at day wages on a farm. I don't want to discourage talent, but I hate to see people trying to do what they can't."

Current Topics

The imperial post of Austria has issued the jubilee stamps commemorative of the sixtieth year of the reign of Franz Josef. There are eight stamps and these form a miniature portrait gallery of seven of Austria's rulers.

A memorial cross has been erected by the Santa Clara Historical Society of San Jose in commemoration of the one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the missions by the Spanish padres in California.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the famous contralto, announces that two of her sons, Henry and Hans, are at present studying singing in Chicago, and both are going to have wonderful bass voices. She says: "They will both be singing in opera before I have finished."

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet closed his long sea career aboard his flagship, the Connecticut, at the review of the combined Atlantic and Pacific fleets by Victor H. Metcalf, secretary of the navy May 8th. Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry becomes the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet.

For the second time in the history of the science of medicine an operation for the extraction of venom from the deadly lance head viper was recently performed at the Bronx Zoological Park, New York. When the perilous task had been completed and the fluid obtained carefully weighed and found to be less than a third of an ordinary teaspoonful in quantity it was announced that the supply was ample to meet the demands of the world for at least half of a century. So powerful is the action that it is prescribed only in the most minute quantities, the largest portion containing only one trillionth of a grain. From that point the titration continues down to a point where figures would be useless in describing it.

A Few Words by the Editor

THIS IS JUNE, the month of roses and weddings. The wedding day is a time of happiness to bride and groom and of rejoicing and congratulation among the friends of the young couple. The saying is that all the world loves a lover and rejoices and smiles with a bride. She is full of hope and faith, and the future looks rosy to the eyes of the bride. This is all as it should be, and if the after lives of husband and wife are such as they ought to be, with each recurring anniversary they will look back on their wedding day as the happiest event in their lives.

But unfortunately there is another and a darker side to this picture, as evidenced by the large and increasing number of divorces in this country.

Too little thought is given to the responsibilities of matrimony. Too often the girl marries in a hurry and repents at her leisure.

There are so very many causes of unhappy marriages that I will not attempt even to mention them in this brief article. But there is one sure remedy, or, better still, preventive of matrimonial unhappiness, and if faithfully practiced by husband and wife will almost invariably succeed, and it is simply this. Never let your courtship cease.

Did you ever stop to question why courtships are so happy and yet so many marriages are unhappy?

It is just because when they are married that most people drop courtship, cease to be lovers. This is all wrong. A man should never cease courting his wife, and his wife should always try to be nicest, prettiest, most attractive and fascinating to her husband, just as she did before they were married.

Think how absurd it is to marry for love and then cease to be lovers.

Far too rarely you find that quality of matrimonial bliss between a long-time married couple concerning whom admiring friends will say, "They are perfectly happy together; they treat each other just like lovers."

If you are newly married never cease your courtship.

If you have been married some time and have dropped your courtship with the result that your married life is not ideal, remember that it is never too late to mend. Just turn over a new leaf and resume your courtship just where you dropped it,—perhaps on your very wedding day.

THE cruise of our superb North Atlantic Squadron consisting of sixteen majestic battleships and a large flotilla of cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats, scout ships, despatch boats and colliers from Hampton Roads on the Atlantic coast some fourteen thousand miles around Cape Horn to Magdalena Bay on the Pacific side of our continent was accomplished two days ahead of schedule time and without mishap to ships or crews. It is an achievement of which the American people may justly be proud, for nothing like it has ever been accomplished or even attempted by any other nation on earth. It has excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

Occasionally a single battleship and frequently small

squadrons of cruisers are sent on long voyages, but in such cases it has been found necessary to dock the ships of foreign navies for general overhauling and repairs of hull and machinery, but Admiral Evan's great armada comprising all kinds of fighting ships from giant battleships to small, swift, lightly constructed torpedo boats, all fully equipped for war and carrying a force of more than fifteen thousand officers and enlisted men, a complete navy, has reported in California with every ship in perfect fighting trim and the officers and crews in the best of health and spirits, like our grand old battleship Oregon which, under command of the heroic Captain Clark, made the same long journey in the opposite direction during the Spanish war, and on arriving at Santiago, Cuba, immediately went on blockade duty without a moment's delay and captured the last and swiftest of Admiral Cervera's ships.

The American has always proved itself equal to every requirement in upholding the honor of its country's flag, and its history is replete with glorious traditions from the time when in the Revolutionary war the coast towns of England trembled at the thunder of the guns of Commodore John Paul Jones.

Nevertheless there were some doubters and detractors at home as well as abroad who claimed that our very best, newest and largest ships were of faulty design and structurally weak and predicted all manner of disasters to Admiral Evans' fleet before it reached its destination, and their scare talk in the newspapers even received the attention of Congress. But one of the highest British naval authorities recently said that the American warships are the best and most efficient in the world, and the severe test of the recent voyage proves not only this but also the superiority of the officers and enlisted men of our navy.

Some have been inclined to grumble at the cost of this voyage, the chief item of which has been for coal. But we had better do away with the navy and save the entire expense than try to economize by cutting out the frequent practice cruises, drills and target practice, without which the navy could not be kept at such a degree of efficiency as to be of any value. A battleship costs \$7,000,000 or more—too large an investment to be permitted to rust out tied up at the docks, while the officers and crews would get more rusty and lazy, too, and like Cervera's squadron, both men and ships would be unfit for service in time of war.

This great practice cruise is worth many times its cost. Not only has it proved the efficiency of our ships, officers and men, but it has increased the efficiency of both officers and men fifty per cent. It has strengthened our friendship with the South American republics which the fleet has visited. In an inoffensive way it has brought our naval power to the attention of the whole world, commanding admiration and respect. It is now planned to extend this voyage around the world, a total distance of forty-two thousand miles, making friendly calls on the various nations and colonies along the proposed route, all of which have sent most cordial and urgent invitations and are making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of our officers and crews.

Thus is this powerful armada of war spreading peace and good will and drawing closer the bonds of international friendship.

I cannot pass from this subject without paying a well-deserved tribute to Admiral Evans, one of the popular heroes of the American navy who reached the age of retirement last month. He has served his country long and well; has fought with conspicuous gallantry through two wars, and was severely wounded in the war of 1861 from the effects of which he has suffered ever since. Popular alike in the navy and throughout the country and honored the world over, it is fitting that as a crowning honor he should have been entrusted with the command of this great fleet.

Three cheers for the American navy, and may its glory never fade. God speed the battleship squadron on its mission of peace and good will around the world. And best wishes to the retiring hero for a long life and a green old age.

You will be interested to read in another column the advertisement of COMFORT'S Battleship Post Cards. They are most beautifully executed in colors and give you correct pictures of our ships and of the principal ships of foreign navies, making the points of difference very noticeable. Among them is Admiral Evans' flagship, the Connecticut, the queen of the navy.

WE congratulate ourselves that the advance in the subscription price of COMFORT has resulted in no falling off in the number of new subscriptions. On the contrary we are receiving more subscriptions than ever before at this season of the year.

This proves that we are right in our belief that the people are willing to pay a fair price for a good thing. The people are too wise to expect to get something for nothing or anything worth having below cost of production. They demand a good article and are willing to pay for the best they can get.

We don't aspire to publish the cheapest paper, but it is our ambition to give you the most and the best for your money, and we are doing it. If you have been with us long you know it. Introduce one of your friends to us—it only costs him 10 cents for six months, and by that time he will know it and will stay with us.

We hope that those who send in their yearly subscriptions will also become members of Comfort's League of Cousins. If instead of receiving premiums you would like to help Uncle Charlie obtain Wheel Chairs for his shut-ins, kindly mention the fact in your letters, and your "subs" will be credited to the Wheel Chair fund. One Chair is given for every thousand members joining the League of Cousins, provided not less than one thousand join in any given month. One Chair each was secured in March and April, and sent to helpless souls who have for the want of them been unable to get a sight of the beautiful world God has placed about their abodes of suffering. My special editorial on page 15 explains about the Wheel Chair Clubs of two hundred and fifty. Help us friends in our good work. Send in your subscriptions today.

CHARLIE'S FORTUNE

By Oliver Optic

Copyright, by Wm. J. Benners, 1907.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shiflety and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interposes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He holds the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns" where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twiterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl, Charlie wore when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will want more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood, and takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Fanny Lynmore is introduced to Charlie. Her mother invites him to their home. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft, "The Belle of the Bay." Job surprises Squire Peter. He pays the debt and costs and refuses to sell his place.

Mr. Twiterton endeavors to strengthen the opinion of the firm as to his ability. He discovers an error. Mr. Blastwood, a member of the firm, admits he made the mistake. Mr. Twiterton invites Seth Muggleton, the porter, to drink beer and questions him as to Mr. Vanderwent's wife and lost child. He is going to write a story, "Saved from the Sea." The "Gladwing" sails from Europe and is never heard from. What is the boy's name and Mr. Twiterton pleads his questions until the beer overpowers the old man. A few hours later Mr. Twiterton and Seth go home; they receive a cool reception from Miss Muggleton. Mr. Blastwood calls to see Mr. Twiterton. The cash is short and Mr. Twiterton is watched with suspicion. Seth Muggleton dies suddenly. Mr. Twiterton is sent to Staten Island to inform Mr. Vanderwent and Mr. Lynmore of the old porter's death. He incenses both men by his manner. The next morning he receives a notice that his services are no longer required. Mr. Twiterton endeavors to convince Mr. Blastwood that he is Charles Vanderwent, Jr. He is advised to state the argument to Mr. Vanderwent.

CHAPTER XI.

DOWN TO THE CREEK.

JOB SEAGRAIN returned to Oslip, after his second trip to New York, feeling more like a millionaire than many a man who actually possesses the sum which these figures represent. The whole cargo was sold out, and Job's pockets were stuffed with bank notes. In the cabin of "The Belle of the Bay," he and Charlie counted up the pro-

ceeds, and found that they amounted to nearly three hundred and fifty dollars. The old man treated himself to a suit of new clothes, and made other purchases, but he carried home over three hundred dollars.

Job entered his house with a smile on his face, and Betsy Ann received him with a smile. They had a smiling time of it generally, as the old oysterman informed her of the remarkable success which had attended his second venture in the city, and gave her the large roll of bills which so abundantly confirmed the truth of his story. As in the earlier and brighter days of their union, Job made her the custodian of his funds, and Betsy Ann declared that she should not be able to sleep nights with so much money in the house. But events had occurred during the old man's absence which threatened to relieve her of this dreaded responsibility.

It could not be denied that Job had been a common drunkard for years; an idle, dissolute, thriftless old man. Yet he was a simple-minded, kind-hearted man, with the best of intentions, whom the best of the people sincerely pitied, and were willing to serve. Squire Peter Shiflety was not his only creditor in Oslip. There was hardly a man in the town who did any kind of a business that did not have a small bill against him. The carpenter had worked in his barn; the blacksmith on his boat; the mason had topped off his chimney after it was blown over in the great gale; the butcher had charged his beef and pork; a farmer had sold him a load of hay for his cow, when the old man's grass crop had failed; and he owed Oslip the grocer for stores and whiskey. Job thought of all these accounts as soon as his fortunes began to mend. Most of his creditors had declined to trust him beyond his present indebtedness; and there was not a single one of them that ever expected to get his money. Bills against Job Seagrain were carried into the profit and loss account. As the village was a mile from Job's house, no one but Squire Peter had observed the turn of the tide in the old man's fortunes. The squire did not publish the fact in the newspaper, or even mention it in the store.

The magnate of Oslip—for such the squire was—was intensely angry with Job for paying his old bill, and compelling the attachment to "slip up." He could not forgive the old man for this unkindness; and then the impudence of refusing to sell him the property on the creek was intolerable. Squire Peter was furious as he thought of it. Why, Job had actually presumed to be somebody! He had positively refused to drink the liquor set before him. He had declined to get drunk when the squire's purposes imperatively demanded that he should get drunk. It was a mystery how the old man had obtained money enough to settle the account; but the squire and the constable concluded that he had borrowed it, and mortgaged the place. He was very confident that he could not obtain any more, and equally sure that the oysterman's place would not bring five hundred dollars at auction, unless the brick company announced their intentions.

During Job's absence Squire Peter had been busy, and on the morning after the old man's return from his second trip, he drove down to the creek to see him again. Job was at work about his barn, while Charlie was preparing the "Belle of the Bay" for another run to the oyster bed that night. Job looked cheerful and happy, and Squire Peter saluted the old man, and hoped that he was quite well.

"Never so well in all my life, Squire Peter," replied Job, with a cheerful grin. "I find that

liquor doesn't agree with me, and so I don't take none now."

"You'll take some when you want it," added the squire.

"No I won't. I want it all the time, but I won't tech it again. I'll die first," protested the old man.

"Well, you can do as you like about it."

"I know it; and I mean to."

"So . . . your place yet, Job?" asked Squire Peter, with apparent indifference.

"Sold it? No, I hain't tried to sell it; and I don't know's I want to, nuther."

"Don't you? Now, I thought you did."

"That made you think so? I never said nothin' about sellin' it, except when you wanted to buy it."

"I don't know's I care much about buying it," yawned Squire Peter. "I thought of putting a boathouse down here."

"If that's all you want, Squire Peter, you may put up a boathouse on my land, and I won't charge you nothin' for it, nuther," replied Job.

"I don't put buildings on other folks' land. The place may be worth something some time, and I am willing to buy it for a fair price. It wouldn't bring five hundred dollars at auction."

"I don't calculate to put it up at auction, jest yet," answered Job.

"Don't you? Well, you may be obliged to do so," added the squire, rather tartly.

"I guess not."

"I offered you a thousand dollars for the place the other day."

"I know you did, Squire Peter, and I wouldn't take it," laughed Job.

"You will be sorry that you didn't."

"Mebbe I shall; but I ain't yet."

"Will you sell the place, Job?"

"Sartin; I will sell it for my price."

"How much?"

"Thirty-five hundred dollars."

"I . . . you offered it to me for three thousand."

"I know I did, but I told you that day that you could not buy it for that money arter that day."

"You are out of all reason, Job."

"That's my price now."

"It's no use to talk with you, for you are as crazy as a loon."

"You needn't talk with me, if you don't want to. You came down here to see me, I didn't go up to see you," answered Job.

"When I see a chance to help a neighbor I like to do so."

"Yes, I know you do Squire Peter," said Job, chuckling, as he looked up at the barn. "You wanted to help me t'other day, when you attached my place."

"I offered you a thousand dollars for your place, which is twice as much as it is worth."

"Don't give it then, Squire Peter."

"I won't give it!" exclaimed the squire, considerably disturbed by the quiet irony of the old man. "I shall get the place yet for what it will bring at auction, if I want it."

"Think so, Squire Peter?"

"Yes, I do think so, Job."

"I believe I don't owe you nothin' now."

"I believe you do."

"If I do, fetch in your bill," replied Job, confidently.

"I shall fetch in a pile of them, all in good time. I am not going to fool with you this time, either, I shall attach the place in twenty-four hours."

"Do you mean so, Squire Peter?" asked Job, who began to fear that he had incurred some debt

when he was drunk, which might overwhelm him now.

"I mean so."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Nearly two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Show!" exclaimed Job.

"You will find it is so."

"I don't know what it means," added the old man, bewildered by the enormity of the figures.

"It's just what I say; and the expenses, if I have to attach, will make it over two hundred and fifty dollars. I don't know as the place will fetch as much as that."

"But I paid your bill t'other day," protested Job; "and I don't believe I owe you anything, Squire Peter."

"I know that you do, I have the bills in my pocket I came down to demand the money."

"Le' me see the bills."

"You shall see them. Now, Job, I don't want to be hard with you."

"I know that you don't, Squire Peter," replied Job, though he had doubts on the subject.

"I want to do the fair thing by you. I don't want you to lose your place without getting anything for it. I can help you out of this trouble, and leave you with more money in your pocket than the place is worth now. I would not do as much as this for every man."

"You are very good, Squire Peter."

"Well, I mean to deal fairly and squarely with my neighbors," added the magnate, stroking his chin. "I offered you a thousand dollars for the place, which is twice as much as it is worth. I'll give you that now; and only take out of it the two hundred and fifty dollars you owe me. That will leave you seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"I guess I won't sell the place," said Job, quietly.

"You won't? Then I shall attach it, and sell it for the most that it will bring," said the squire, angrily; and it never entered his head that it would be possible for the old man to pay so alarming a sum as two hundred and fifty dollars.

"I guess you won't attach the place any more. I've seen to that," Job remarked, very gently, though the smile had gone from his face, for the simple-minded old man dreaded the intricacies of the law, and did not feel at home amongst its meshes.

"You have seen to it!" exclaimed Squire Peter, in his turn a little intimidated. "Have you sold your place?"

"Well, no; not exactly."

"What have you done then?" demanded the magnate.

"I went up to see Squire Dockett the other day, and told him just how I stood. I did sumthin' or other, I don't jest know what; but I signed a paper."

"What was the paper?" demanded the squire, fiercely. "If you have done anything to cheat me out of my money, I'll send you to jail for fraud."

Job was startled, and the squire pressed for an explanation.

"I think Squire Dockett called it filing a declaration. I've filed a saw afore now, but I never filed a declaration afore," replied Job, with a sickly grin. "It was somethin' about a home-stead."

Job had filed a declaration to the effect that his house and building were designed as a home-stead, with the clerk of the county; and the estate was exempt from attachment to the amount

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

A SPECKLED BIRD

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonair and witty. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-seeing, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and she asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Eliza is wakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. He is unconscious that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a chant. The priest and Dane, who is a soloist to the choir, who approaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A sob and tears follow.

Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at—Fourteenth St.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the far West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. He requests Eliza not to grieve Eliza about his sudden illness. Eliza discovers the identity of Ely Twigg. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life—his marriage though a minor, and before he can publicly claim his wife she disappears.

Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane. Leighton, hearing his voice, pleads with his mother. Noel asks to take the boy to ride—will she accompany them. She refuses all help. Eliza meets Miss Hugginbottom and doubts creep in. She realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Only the positive order of the doctor prevents Mrs. Dane from seeing Leighton.

Eliza's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. She will never marry a man she does not love. Mr. Noel will never renew his offer. Her father warns her of bitter consequences. Eliza questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. He has not confided his reasons to Herriott. Eliza will not accept defeat. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Eliza's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Eliza goes to work. Herriott finds her in the old Greek-Roman theater at Aix-les-Bains and he realizes an undisputed annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Eliza break her heart over his selfishness.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL IS FORGIVEN.

IT had been a cold, cloudy January day in one of the great northern cities, and with night came flurries of snow that powdered telegraph wires and danced like thistledown around the corners. Two and a half years had elapsed since the angel of death stooped to swing his sickle in the daisy meadow on Long Island, and in a low, wide basement room, fronting the street, Mrs. Dane sat at her sewing machine, hemming a child's check aprons piled on a chair. The apartment was plainly but comfortably furnished, and filled now with the pungent odor of ginger, cloves, and cinnamon from a pan of small cakes on the top of an oil stove. The gas jet above her heightened the metallic luster of her abundant hair, and deepened fringed shadows cast by her thick, dusky lashes. Upon the beautiful face time had softly pressed its velvet palm, smoothing the angles of bitterness and wrath that had been intensified by the struggle with her husband, whom she now believed, she had eluded forever by removing to another city. On the broad window sill at her right stood an oval, brass filigree frame holding a photograph of Leighton in his chorister's trappings, and in front of the picture a dozen violets filled a wineglass. As she finished and folded an apron, leaning forward to place it on the chair, her glance fell on the photograph, rested there, and the ocean of the past moaned, surged, broke over her. Despite her persistent scoffing moods, she had found it impossible to forget the few lines Father Temple had repeated with a faltering voice after the grave closed over the sweet young singer of St. Hyacinth's. They haunted some chamber of her defiant soul, and when she gazed at the holy face of her boy they stole out and whispered:

"Another lamb, O Lord of God, behold Within the quiet fold Among Thy Father's sheep I lay to sleep!"

A heart that never for a night did rest Beyond its mother's breast. Lord, keep it close to Thee, Lest waking it should beat and pine for me."

A rap on her door recalled her, and she swept one hand across her misty eyes.

"Come in."

A man of middle age, low in stature, and muffled to the chin in a handsome overcoat, stood hat in hand, at the door.

"Mr. Coolidge, I am surprised to see you; and you have made a mistake in coming to my lodgings. I will not ask you to be seated, because I do not wish to receive you."

"But, madam, no other way of communicating with you seems possible, as correspondence has certainly proved disastrous. That note of Mr. Cathcart's, which you saw fit to send to his wife, ploughed up more trouble than a ton of dynamite, and his few remaining gray hairs will disappear before the end of this fracas. Talk about sav-

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Buelah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc.

age wild beasts, and claws, and paws, and fangs, but you women can trump them every time when the game is cruelty, and you want to get even with some man. Poor Mr. Cathcart! I don't hold him a saint, but I must say you misread his note and misjudged him."

"Did you see the note?"

"After his wife received it? No, but he told me exactly what it contained, and why he was obliged to have the meeting secret."

"Written by a millionaire to his poor typewriter? It was an insult, and as such you would have hotly resented it if your sister stood in my dependent position."

"You have not an idea what he wanted to say to you when he asked you to return to the office after everyone had gone. He has found out that you have great influence with Max Harberg, and that you belong to several 'Unions,' and he wished to pay you handsomely if you would persuade Max to agree to arbitration and not call a strike. Since he learned you are a power among these men who are causing us so much trouble, he is anxious to conciliate you, and fears your resignation will increase the difficulty of a settlement."

"He sent you here to offer this explanation?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dane, and I can vouch for its truth."

"Mr. Coolidge, you have always treated me with respect and courtesy, and I have no desire to be rude to you, but I am sorry you came to offer so shameful a bargain. I believe in 'unions'; they became necessary when vast consolidations of capital began to strangle small corporations, and laborers learned that only by a united front could they expect living wages. You of the caste of Dives sowed dragon's teeth, and now the abundance of your crop appalls you? We of the Lazarus caste see hope ahead; the day is coming when we shall have an honest and fair and permanent adjustment on the Karl Marx basis of 'plus value,' and then every mechanic in your shops will own an interest in the car he builds in the ratio of the hours he worked on it. Heart and soul I am with your motormen and conductors, your carpenters and machinists. Their cause is just, and if I can help them, all the bonds and all the gold your company hoards in its vaults cannot buy me."

"At least you might persuade Harberg to consent to arbitrate the differences. The men would have an equal chance with the company."

that for us 'strikes' are fearful catastrophes—social earthquakes so far-reaching in consequences that you opulent dwellers on a serene plateau, immune from disaster, can form no adequate estimate of the ghastly wreck wrought in substrata of the laboring class. Especially ruinous is the strain on our women. The men are excited, goaded, kept on the *qui vive*, held to the front by magnetic leaders—but the waiting women and children! Cold, hungry, terrified, huddled in helpless idleness, expecting any moment to see husband and father brought in on a shutter—buried in the 'potter's field' if he dies, sent to prison as a 'riotous lawbreaker' if he lives—these are the saddest features of bloody struggles that the outside world never sees. Instead of 'sympathetic strikes,' far more useful sympathy should be shown by other unions working full time steadily and sharing their wages with those fighting for violated rights against the encroachments of combined capital. That is what I intend to do."

"Have you accepted another position as typewriter?"

"Not yet; but many ways of earning my bread lie open before me. I never resign from my sewing machine, and I learned embroidery at a convent where royal orders have been filled."

"Making check aprons will not pay room rent."

Gathering the little garments in her arms, she rose, her tall, graceful figure clearly outlined by her mourning dress, and her eyes sparkled.

"Do you remember old Silas Bowen?"

"I do not."

"I am a corporation memories, like your consciences, are slaves. One day, while arranging a trolleywire, a fall post behind him, decayed at its base, fell and crippled him. He lost a leg, and all the fingers of one hand. Your company paid the surgeon's bill, and Bowen was sent adrift without a cent. He sued for damages, and the jury gave him what he asked for. You appealed the case, and a Hungarian pedler, who had him vindictively, swore that Bowen was so drunk he could not understand warning shouts that the pole was shaking, and that he was falling when the post toppled and struck him. You won, and he lost by perjury. He is able to do little, and has nine children. His wife and oldest daughter launder laces and fine muslins, and these aprons are for the youngest—twins, one of whom has spinal disease and will never walk. Mr. Coolidge, I have rather liked you, because I found you always a gentleman, but my patience is exhausted, and, as I shall never work again for your company, there is no reason why you should



"COUNSEL NO BLOODSHED, NO RASHNESS, NO WRECKAGE."

"Arbitration wolves have left no lambs silly enough to beat their grievances. Two years ago the strike was settled on a basis almost fair to your employees, and in six months the provisions were nullified by changes made possible when non-union motormen were brought here. Max cut his eye teeth then, and now he has a winning hand."

"You think a strike inevitable?"

"I know it, and rejoice that the company will smart for its grinding, inhuman treatment of men who endured it for the sake of wives and children looking to them for bread. Because you and Mr. Cathcart and Mr. Hutton and your board of directors have ample fortunes, you see no enormity in requiring men with large families to work twelve hours, exposed to rain, sleet, sun, and if, overcome with fatigue, they fail to awake in time to report for duty at the exact minute your schedule demands, they are 'laid off for three days' as punishment. No day of rest to spend at home; nothing to anticipate but the ceaseless grind, grind—worse than that of driv- ing wheels and pistons in machinery, which are allowed to stop and cool on Sunday."

"If you return to your desk tomorrow Mr. Cathcart says he will double your salary."

"Tell him to divide the extra pay among the needy gray-beards limping at and the cars and shops. I will never work in his office again."

"You are very unwise, Mrs. Dane, and since you sympathize with the men, you ought not to lose the opportunity to prove yourself their friend at court. Moreover, in rejecting a larger salary you are laying up a store of regrets."

"Make no mistake, Mr. Coolidge. You rich often force us to suffer severely, but we seldom regret, because that implies error on our part. We are bitter under the pain, but we do not regret the course of duty to ourselves that brought down the lash."

"Is it true that if the railroad men's strike is declared the telegraphers' and typewriters' unions will order a sympathetic strike? You seem to have begun in advance."

"I think not. Two nights ago, at our meeting, I urged the members to abandon the idea, though Harberg was present to insist upon it. A 'sympathetic strike' is only sentiment running riot, and special class suffering alone justifies revolt. Altruistic theories of reform and abstract justice ought not to tie up public systems and precipitate armed conflicts. I have learned

prolong your visit."

"Nothing can change your mind in our favor?"

"I wish the whole confounded, sickening business could be ended. Of course the company will win. New men will be at the barns and power-houses early tomorrow, prepared to run the cars, and the court will enjoin strikers from active interference. At the first shot the militia will be called out to take a hand, and then the poor devils running around like blind adders will be slaughtered. You women ought to stop it. Some of you firebrands will land in jail."

"Jail sounds dreadful, but after all it is not so bad; has its perquisites that wealth furnishes. I tried it once. The rich, old Jew who arrested me for stealing a Salsma vase was so terrified when it was found where a negro porter had pawned it, that he sent his superb carriage and horses and liveried coachman to carry me from jail to my lodgings. It was my first and last ride on satin cushions. Good-night, ... Coolidge."

When the door closed behind him, she counted the spice cakes into a paper bag, placed it in the bundle of aprons, and wrapped the whole in a square of oilcloth. Pushing her hair back from her brow, she drew a black veil closely around her face, tied the ends under her chin, and put on her long waterproof cloak, lifting the cape over her head, where she fastened it with a safety pin. Under the cape overhanging folds of the cape the fair, cold face looked serene as a nun's.

Extinguishing the flame of the oil stove, her eyes rested a moment on the picture of Leighton, then she lowered the gas jet at the machine, picked up the bundle, locked the door, and dropped the key in her pocket as she went out to the street.

The snow fall was light and intermittent, but now and then the crystal facets glittered in the vivid bluish glare of quivering electric globes.

Three hours later Father Temple, passing through the city on his way south, stood, valise in hand, on a street corner, waiting for a downtown car, and fearful he might miss the train where his sleeping berth had been engaged. No car came from any quarter, and he walked on, hoping to be overtaken. Soon a steady, rapid tread of many feet sounded from the rear, and a squad of police dashed past him.

"What is the matter with the cars?" he shouted to the hurrying column.

One man looked over his shoulder.

"The strike is on. Street car track torn up?" In a marvellously short time the crowded pavement became a dense mass of men and women struggling slowly forward; then a dull, deep, sullen roar, that shook windows and doors, rolled up to the starless sky where snow feathers fluttered. A woman screamed:

"Not much! Some devilish striker throwing a bomb," answered her husband.

Father Temple, finding progress impeded, stepped down into the street and hurried on. At the end of the next square the hospital ambulance clattered by at emergency speed, and behind it another detachment of police at double-quick step. The street was bare as mid-desert of vehicles, save those from hospitals, and down the double railway track flowed a human stream, panting to reach the fray. Two officers on horseback galloped by, and then came reports of shots, followed by the wild, thousand-throated whoop and hoot of maddened men drunk with hate and fury. At the intersection of three streets, where a small park lay, the strikers had massed the cars from every direction, shut off the current, cut the wires, and taken their stand. Expecting trouble next day, the company had prepared guards and provided extra police protection for their barns and power-houses, where a few non-union had been secured, but the strikers penetrated these plans by refusing to run as directed to the defended terminus. Where the line of clustered cars ended on both tracks, iron rails had been torn up and piled across the road bed, and here, in front and rear, motormen, conductors, carpenters, machinists, and linemen were massed, stubbornly defying all attempts to repair the tracks or move the cars.

Half hour before Father Temple reached the outskirts of the crowd at the square, a woman had elbowed her way to the front car and sprung upon the platform. Just below her Max Harberg was distributing pistols to a group of men, all gesticulating angrily.

Clapping her hands to arrest attention, Mrs. Dane called:

"Silas Bowen, if you are here, answer. Silas Bowen."

"Aye, aye! Silas Bowen is here to hurry up Judgment day for the hounds that have dodged it too long."

"You must go to your wife; she needs you. The tenement where you live burned down to-night."

"Let it burn! I hope the old rat hole isn't insured."

"But your wife is frantic, and wants you at once; and one of your children is hurt. Silas go to them, I beg of you. I have the helpless boy and the burned girl at my room, and your wife is there."

"I have waited too long for this picnic to turn my back just as the music begins. I am in for my share of the fun tonight, and kindling wood will be cheap tomorrow. When the devil's pay day comes for the boss, I mean to see the count."

Leaning over the dashboard of the car, Mrs. Dane watched for an opportunity, and snatched from Harberg's hand the pistol reserved for his own use. Holding it above her head, she cried:

"Friends, fellow-workers, listen a moment! You are striking for the right to live like human beings, not beasts of burden; but be careful, be sure you do not put yourselves in the wrong by rash violence. If strife comes, let your oppressors start it. Personal attack is not your privilege, but defence is your right. Stand here quietly, shoulder to shoulder, cool, steady, and keep non-union traitors at arm's length. We who are working will see that the pot boils for your families; but, men, I beg of you, attempt no violence; because, if the first shot comes from us, the end will be we shall all drop from the frying pan into the fire. The police are bloodhounds wearing the collar of rich corporations, and the courts are butcher pens, where 'fighting strikers' are slaughtered. When rifles are fired into your ranks and bayonets thrust into your bodies, then—only then—must you remember 'blood washes blood.' Oh, men, be patient! Max Harberg, don't forget that you are responsible for what may happen now. These men have obeyed you—have followed you like sheep to the edge of a precipice. Don't drive them with the butt of a pistol to leap to ruin. Counsel no bloodshed, no rashness, no wreckage."

A feeble cheer rose, smothered by a grumbling growl.

The wind had blown the cape back to her shoulders, and the folds of black veil banding her head slipped down, restraining no longer the ripples of hair curling above her temples. Leaning over the dashboard, one hand clutching the collar of Harberg's overcoat as she talked rapidly to him, she resembled some gilt-headed figure carved at the prow of a vessel, always first to front tempests.

Just then a solid column of policemen charged the strikers, forcing them back almost upon the pile of rails near the foremost car, and following the line of lifted and revolving clubs, Mr. Cathcart and his superintendent, Hazleton appeared. Hisses, jeers, oaths, and a prolonged howl greeted them, amid which paving stones smote the heavy clubs that swung right and left like flails, and Harberg sprang to the iron controller, leaped thence to the roof of the car, and shouted his orders to the strikers on the ground. Wounded, bleeding men were trampled by the swaying mass as it surged forward, staggered back, panting, cursing, hooting; then, in quick succession, three shots rang out.

A moment later Mrs. Dane laid Harberg's pistol on top of the controller stand, and, as she stepped down from the platform to make her way home, something hurtled through the air and struck between the spot where Mr. Cathcart stood and the iron dashboard of the car. In the blinding glare of the explosion two strikers and a policeman were seen to fall, and when the roar and sharp shivering of crashed windows ended, a sudden hush fell upon the multitude.

Father Temple had slowly forced his way along the outer edge of the quivering throng and reached the center of the square, where in summer a fountain babbled. Some one behind grasped his cassock.

"You are a priest? For the love of God, come to a dying man! Come back."

Death had sounded a temporary truce, and for some moments only whispers passed trembling lips, but the strikers still guarded the rails. Mr. Cathcart wiped the dust thrown into his face by the explosion, bared his gray head, and lifted his hand:

"Men, don't you think you have worked mischief enough for one night? Eight dead, and only God knows how many wounded! That is an ugly bill the law will surely make you pay. You heard those three shots fired into the air? It was a signal for the army; the troops are now coming. Who will feed your babies when you are bayoneted?"

A mounted policeman spurred his horse close to the president.

"The soldiers are hurrying down."

The leaders recognized the futility of continued resistance, and, as they slowly fell back from the

"FEW SAVE THE POOR FEEL FOR THE POOR." Read our Publisher's letter on page 2.

track the police were in undisputed control of the cars when the hurrying line of soldiers reached the square.

Father Temple and his unknown guide paused before a stretcher. Two men wearing the Red Cross badge bent over it.

"Stand back; here is a priest."

Bot. rose, and pointed to the sheet covering a motionless figure.

"Too late. He is dead."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2. over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

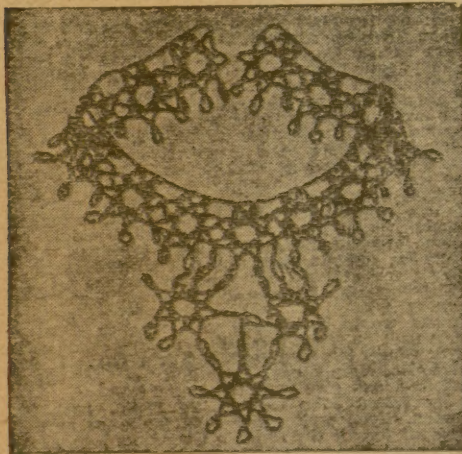
Tatted Doily or Centerpiece

USE No. 60 thread. Begin by making a ring of 5 p. separated by 2 d. s., tie and cut the thread. This is the center ring. To make the five surrounding it, make 5 p. separated by 3 d. s., close, join with 1 d. s. to p. in center ring, then make 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., 1 p., repeat 9 times, then 6 d. s. and close. Now make each of the eleven rings which form the next row of 2 d. s., 1 p., making 12 p., and after the first ring joining the second and third and tenth and eleventh to the next ring by 1 d. s. The next eleven rings are made as shown in the illustration by simply putting 1 d. s. between each p. and making ten rings in each group around a center ring, catching them in place to each other and also the preceding row by 1 d. s. in opposite picots. Now make eleven more wheels in exactly the same way to form the centers of the larger wheels around the edge. Surround each of these groups with larger rings and join the center and this outside row of wheels with rings made of 3 d. s., 1 p., 3 d. s., 1 p., 3 d. s., 1 p., close, leave the thread a quarter of an inch long and make a ring in the opposite direction, then 1 beside the first, and join to it, and other opposite picots with one d. s. When the doily is finished press under a damp cloth on the wrong side on a soft pad. This will stretch the work into uniform shape and make it lie flat. This is very handsome when finished and shows off especially on a polished table.

MARY D. DYE.

Beadwork

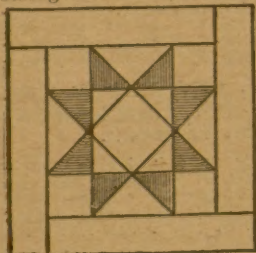
Directions for making a bead collar. Take the finest needle that will carry No. 50 thread, one and one half yards long; after threading needle tie the ends together, string twenty-four beads, make a circle of the beads by running the needle through the thread by the knot and pull the thread close together. String five beads, miss two beads and run the needle through the third bead in the circle, repeat this eight times, then run the needle up through the first three, in the first five, then string nine beads and put the needle through the middle bead in the next five, repeat until you have made six with the nine beads in; string eighteen beads count off thirteen beads



A BEAD COLLAR.

and put the needle back through the fourteenth bead, string four beads, making twenty-two beads in all, put the needle through the middle bead of the next five, make two of these and fasten the thread by taking two buttonhole stitches in between some of the beads, after running the needle through some of the beads. This is the first one.

Start the second one the same as the first until you have four loops with the nine beads in; string eighteen beads and put the needle back through the fourteenth one, string four beads, needle through middle one of five beads; make another loop of twenty-two beads, string four beads, take the needle in the left hand and run it through the middle bead of the nine on the first rosette next to the lower loop, then string thirteen beads; with the needle in the right hand back through the same bead. Then string four beads and through the middle one of the five on the second rosette, string four beads and through



RED AND WHITE. NO. 2.

the middle one of the nine on the first rosette. String four beads and put the needle through the middle one of the five on the second rosette where the first nine starts, put needle

through several of the beads and fasten the thread the same as before.

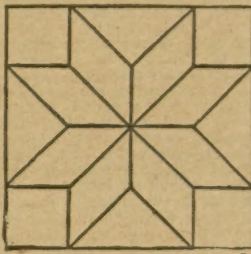
If the beads are size O thirteen of the rosettes make the collar long enough. Have the middle rosette for the center of the collar.

For the tab make the first rosette the same as the others until the eight loops with the five beads in are finished, then make five loops with the twenty-two beads in like the one on the lower part of the collar, string ten beads, run the needle through the middle bead on the third loop from the center on the collar, string five beads down through the sixth one; string four beads and through the middle of one of the five beaded loops on the rosette of the tab, string thirteen beads, put the needle through the middle bead on the second loop from the center of collar.

EIGHT-POINTED STAR. NO. 3.

String eight beads, then down through the ninth one and string four beads.

Next two loops, one of the collar and one of the tab are joined the same as the first loop of the collar and tab were. The rosette on the other side of the center of the collar for the tab is



THE FOUR BLOCKS. NO. 4.

made the same as the other rosette of the tab except there are only four of the long loops with the twenty-two beads in, string twelve beads, put the needle in the left hand and run it down through center bead of the first loop, of the first rosette of the tab, string thirteen beads, put the needle up through the bead you put the needle down through, string six beads; this forms the clover leaf. Then join this rosette of the tab to the collar.

The lower rosette of the tab is made like the others only make five loops with the twenty-two beads and join to the other rosette in the tab. Have double thread long enough to go around the collar twice, fasten thread to the middle of upper loop of nine beads, string nine beads run the needle through the center bead of the next nine, string five beads, put the needle through the center of next nine, string eleven beads, put the needle through the center bead of the next nine, repeat until you reach the other end of the collar, then string nine beads and fasten the thread, and put the needle back through beads at top of collar.

MRS. W. F. SMITH.

Teapot Holder

This cute little pattern for a rooster teapot holder was sent in by Mrs. Nancy Wilkes, an eighty-three year old sister.

To make it cut two pieces exactly alike of outing flannel; sew these together on the wrong side, then turn and line. Finish the bottom with a binding. Use a black bead

or button for an eye, and red wool for the comb, and you will have quite a realistic little rooster.



TEAPOT HOLDER.

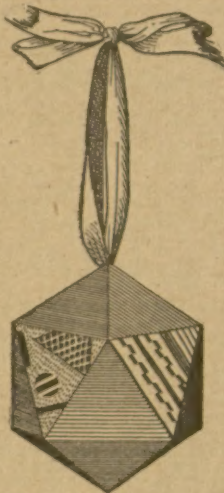
Patchwork Designs

These patterns Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 were sent in by Miss Louise M. Anthony and illustrates ways in which small pieces can be utilized, and also worked up into attractive designs. Either of these patterns could be made of two colors only, or of various kinds of pieces, but to obtain the best effect part should be light and part dark goods.

Triangular Pinball

This useful and ornamental little article can be easily made by anyone who can use a needle. It can be used for a pin cushion and also as a receptacle for buttons or small articles. The idea is original with me, and having made a number as gifts for friends thought perhaps the COMFORT sisters would like the pattern.

The foundation is triangular pieces of pasteboard covered with various kinds of cloth or silk. Make sixteen of these triangles of one, two or as many colors as you like. Cover both sides neatly and overcast the edges together. When this is done place the triangles together, sew so as to make an octagon ball. This can be done by placing the points of the triangles together in such a way that no matter how TRIANGULAR PINBALL, you turn it five points will meet. Leave one of the sections in the top unfastened. This can be used as a lid for slipping things inside. This makes a nice little catch-all or a case for your wool when knitting or crocheting.



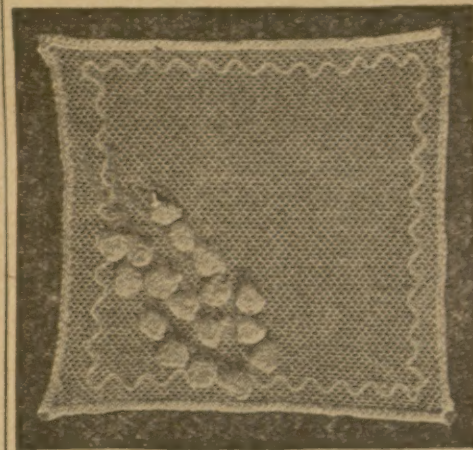
EDITH Y. HULSE.

Inexpensive and Pretty Articles

Pillow tops, centerpieces and all sizes of doilies besides a variety of sachets may be made of scraps of net or organdie with very little expense, time or money. Flowered organdies give the appearance of dye painting.

for a scallop work one single and five double crochet at regular intervals.

To make sachets make a little bag of white lawn first of the size and shape preferred. Fill this with the cotton and powder, then cover with organdie and crochet the edges together, or buttonhole stitch and then decorate with



ROBINETTE DOILY WITH HOLLY SPRAY.

French knots. Do not use colored cotton button as it is liable to show through.

Parts of old curtains can often be utilized for pretty doilies and tidies. To keep the edge straight it is well to run a thread through the net forming a perfect square, then this can be crocheted or buttonholed over, and made into a firm edge. Single threads can also be run in a way to form a border as shown in the illustrations. The decorations are crocheted of colored silks, and then appliqued in place. Daisies, forget-me-nots, chrysanthemums, roses, bleeding heart, holly, fuchsia, blue bells, lily of the valley, etc., are very ornamental if made in natural colors with green leaves. These can be arranged according to one's taste in sprays, circles, etc. Sofa pillows made in this same way over silk are very pretty, and if one prefers instead of the floral decorations a monogram or initial can be worked in the center.

The New Daisy Chains

About the prettiest and newest thing that I have seen in bead chains are those known as the double daisy chain. They are moreover easy to make although to look at them one would think it impossible that they were really made as they are with a needle and thread. I have written the directions out carefully and verified them so that I think there will be no trouble in following them.

The materials needed are two bunches of black beads (the ones usually used for bead-work and called seed beads), two of white and one of yellow, a spool of tan thread No. 50 and a needle No. 10.

Thread the needle and tie a knot at one end so that the first bead cannot slip off. First thread four black beads (after this I will put b. for black bead, w. for white and y. for yellow).

1st row.—One b. on needle and slip needle through third b. from needle, one b., then needle through last b., turn.

2nd row.—One w. needle through last b., threaded, 1 b. in last b. of that row, turn.

3rd row.—One b. needle through last b., threaded, 1 w. needle through w. of last row, turn.

4th row.—One y. needle through last w., 1 b. needle through last b., turn.

5th row.—One b. needle through last b. and also pass it through the two w. that have been strung, then turn and you are ready to make the first daisy.

6th row.—Thread five w. and pass needle again through the two first w. and then through the y. and through the last two w. next the black part of the chain, then one b. needle through last b., turn.

7th row.—One w. needle through last b., one b. needle through the second w., turn.

8th row.—One b. needle through last b., one w. and needle through w., turn.

Repeat from fourth row.

If these directions are carefully followed there can be no failure. When the thread is used up it must be carefully pieced as this will happen quite frequently for it uses the thread fast, so much weaving back and forth.

I made my chains about four feet long and they are worn twice around the neck.

Of course any combination of colors may be used (always having the yellow for the centers and by the way one bunch of yellow beads will be enough for several chains.)

I have used pink and also the blue beads in place of the white and I saw one very pretty one made with blue beads with white in place of the black.

They are also pretty worn as watch chains or with locket attached and if intended to be used this way they may be taken to a jeweler and mounted.

IRMA B. MATTHEWS.

Shield-shaped Wall Pocket

The back of this wall pocket should be cut from firm pasteboard; the front is cut enough larger than it

may give the needed room when completed. Cover it with any plain material and decorate as the fancy suggests. This is covered with olive-green denim. The decoration is in couching embroidery. To do it, hold braid or cord along the line of the pattern, and catch down with thread or floss. For this, brown braid and orange-crochet silk was used.

Couching may be recommended for its effectiveness, its speed in working, its adaptability.



ROBINETTE DOILY WITH ROSE SPRAY.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance, or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange columns, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR READERS:

Since the combination of Sunshine and The People's Literary Companion with COMFORT, there have come in such a quantity of letters for this department it has become necessary to hold over a great many very interesting ones, and now having so many, which really merit a place, we cannot promise that letters sent in during the next two months will appear promptly.

However, as we want to try and give you each an equal chance, and want to continue to make the corner as interesting and instructive as possible, those of you who have any interesting, information, remedies, and especially timely recipes, are invited to write, but please be as brief as possible, and do not include recipes in letters, but send on separate sheets.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It is some time since I made my last visit to this corner. I come again with some hints and helps. I am troubled with chapped hands. I have tried a dozen different preparations, some very good ones, but the best thing for chapped hands is this: The juice of one lemon, three teaspoonfuls of pure glycerine, three drops carbolio acid, two teaspoonfuls rose water and two teaspoonfuls oat meal, bottle, shake well before using, apply at night, also during the day if hands are bad.

I have found no remedy better for fever blisters on lips, than camphor full strength. It is also good to put on pimples to dry them up.

I received so many letters inquiring about Crozet and the surrounding country it will save me considerable work by answering you all through these columns. Crozet is just a little railroad station with one large hotel, a mill, barrel factory, six stores, several boarding houses, a farm, schoolhouse and bank. Still it is a bustling little place and a great summer resort on account of the pure air and the lovely mountain scenery. We live one half mile from the village on a farm in the midst of the Blue Ridge mountains. Here the soil is mixed, sand, gravel and clay, but it is a good fruit belt and we raise apples, berries, etc., in large quantities.

My parents, two brothers, one sister and myself moved here from our native place Akron, Ohio, nine years ago. We were one month on the way. As we drove through with two large covered wagons we were often taken for gypsies, but it was a lovely trip which I will tell you about sometime.

I want to tell you how I cover my ironing board. Sew up a sheet the shape of the board, and just large enough so it will slip on easily, then along each side in five or six places sew tapes so they will come on the edge of the board. Now when your sheet is in place and perfectly smooth on top to hold it so, just tie the tapes on the under side. Try this and I am sure you will find it a much easier method than tacking or sewing them in place.

MRS. HARRIET M. KILSH, Box 113, Crozet, Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you allow a Missouri girl to come into your kindly counsel? I have read COMFORT ever since I can remember, but have never written to the sisters' corner. What a cozy corner it is, where the big and little, old and young, from all over our great republic gather and exchange helpful hints, and receive love and sympathy.

I am nineteen years old, five feet, seven inches tall, have brown eyes and hair. My mother has been dead five years, and I have kept house for my father ever since.

Eva Hall. We are something alike as we are trying to fill a mother's place in the home.

My heart goes out to the dear shut-ins, and in my poor way I am doing all I can to cheer them up. Those of you who have health and strength do be thankful.

I wish all of the young people would write to me. I will try to answer all letters. May the sunshine of Heaven rest upon all.

MISS ELISH M. PETERSON, Hill Crest, Mo.

For Dressmakers to Save Time

When cutting out two corresponding pieces of a pattern, to avoid pinning the pattern to each piece separately, in order to mark all the tucks, place a piece of impression paper under the two pieces of material. Then with a common lead pencil mark all the perforations. Thus both pieces are marked exactly alike in half the time otherwise required.

Lace curtain samples you can get on sale in stores, for making dainty lace waists, for less than a dollar. Lay a plain waist pattern upon it and cut your waist. You will have enough for a whole waist and a handsomer one you could not get. When your waist is complete you will have one you could not buy for less than five dollars.

When knitting or crocheting with delicate colored materials to keep the ball clean, seal it up in a large envelope used by the stores for small parcels, leaving an opening at one corner large enough to permit the thread to pass out freely for use.

I have been a reader of COMFORT since a child and always welcome it, and hope that some of my hints may be of some value to other sisters.

MRS. S. S., 24th & Castellar st., Omaha, Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just lived in tell you a little about Oklahoma. We live in the country about eight miles and a half from the charming little town of Clinton. This is a fine country for the farmers. They can raise almost anything planted, but corn and grain are the main crops.

I will try to describe myself. I am five feet, nine inches tall and weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds, have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. I am twenty-four years old, and the mother of five children, four of whom are living, one girl and three boys. It was sweet little blue-eyes. Emer of twenty months that the death angel has taken from our home, but not from our hearts. We miss her, but the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Sisters, I am going to ask a little favor of you. A cyclone struck us a year ago last May and swept away everything we had and we had to start again. Will the sisters please send me some calico scraps? It will help me much, and I hope to be able to return the favor in the future.

MRS. MINNIE NEUGENT, Box 28, Clinton, R. D. 2, Okla.

MY DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

A year has passed since I last visited you. Probably some of you remember me.

I received a generous supply of caraway seed, also flower seeds, slips and many remembrances. Nearly one hundred visited me by letter. If you want friends join this corner; you will surely get them. I don't think I really could get along without the many friends I've made through COMFORT. I see a good many of the sisters are saying "I would like to help the shut-ins." Now don't forget to help them. I mean what I say. We have quite a list to choose from each month from Uncle Charlie's page.

I have joined the League of Cousins and I urge you all to join. It is five cents extra and is well worth it.

I am young and expect to stay that way. I will be twenty-six June 18. I would like a card party on that day but I can't get them to return.

Miss Myrtle M. Hallock, Durand, Wis. Let me thank you for the suggestion as to the tissue paper. I have tried it and it's real pretty.

Let me tell you how I made a pretty warm shawl. I bought about ninety cents' worth of four ply seamy. I started it by making a chain of six stitches with coarse home crocheted hook. I then made four rows of six a double crochet, then another round of shells, 9 d. c. in the previous row. The next round, six d. c. between 3rd and 4th stitch of a shell and between 6th and 7th, which widens sufficiently for several rounds. You can tell when it needs widening by the way it looks. I made mine very loosely and I do not have to widen many times. I pull the stitches about an inch long, the last row must be of 9 d. c. to make the shells. I added a row of s. c. to mine, on top of the d. c. for a finish to the edge. It is much cheaper than you can buy a hand-made shawl, and just as pretty. Mine is all white, but one could use any color preferred.

For those whose hands get rough and want to cling to every silk or wool thread you touch, get a toilet pomace stone. Soap your hands in the usual way put the stone in the water and use as you would soap. You can rub off every particle of roughness, h. k. stains and every other kind of stain I have ever tried. They cost ten cents and are worth a great deal to women who do fancy work.

How many of you have stopped to consider what a family COMFORT has, and what an agreeable, lovable family it is. It is the most helpful, unselfish family I ever heard of. If anyone is sick or helpless or afflicted in any manner they only have to have an introduction to COMFORT and its great family. I can't see how the world could jog on without the aid of COMFORT. I think our stories just the best ever. So is everything else in COMFORT. It is indeed a comfort to all who are its friends.

To the sisters who wrote me last year and did not get an answer you need not feel slighted, you are my friends just the same, and I thank you for writing to me. Some of you may hear from me yet as I think I have each letter I received, and I know the ones that I've not written to.

MRS. MARY LOW, Sabinetown, Texas.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have long been a reader of COMFORT. I enjoy every bit of it, especially the sisters' corner and Uncle Charlie's page.

My home is on the Allegheny river; this is a beautiful valley, steep wooded hillsides, piles of rocks, then lovely green fields and orchards. The chief industries are coal mining, farming and railroading, nearly all kinds of fruit grow here and also grain. All kinds of produce commands a good price. The winters are medium cold, the morning of Jan. 10 it stood at zero and by the twelfth was raining. The climate is reasonably healthy. There is one old lady about a quarter of a mile up the hillside who is one hundred a d twelve years old, and one died a few weeks ago who was a hundred years old.

This is a country village; my home is on the opposite side of the river from the railroad and it is sometimes lonely as the river is hard to cross when the ice is running out.

I am a dressmaker of uncertain age, can anyone guess it? My birthday is on the 25th of June. I would like a letter party, then or later. I am five feet tall, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds, have gray eyes and brown hair, I might add with a few silver threads. I feel so sorry for all the shut-ins. I would like to do something for all of them, but my means do not allow. I try to do what I can for those near me, as every neighborhood has some needy ones.

Do any of the sisters know of a book entitled, "Alonso and Melissa," a tale of Revolutionary times? My mother read it many years ago but cannot get it anywhere now.

I enjoy gardening and taking care of chickens better than sewing and it is much more healthful. I try to be contented with my lot.

My one hobby is stamp collecting. I have about six hundred different kinds.

MINNIE E. DAVIS, Box 53, Red Bank, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Although I have been a silent reader of your charming circle, I nevertheless have been a very interested one. My health is not very good and reading is my favorite pastime, and I eagerly wait the coming of my COMFORT each month.

I am nearly twenty-three years old and have been married nearly seven years. I have light auburn hair, light complexion, blue eyes and am five feet, two inches in height. My mother died when I was but twelve weeks old, and I lived with my grandparents until my marriage. They now have passed to the Great Beyond. I dearly love children and have two little ones in Heaven. Surely the all wise Father knows best, but it is hard to part with our loved ones.

Friendship is a thriving little village of about twelve hundred inhabitants, situated among the Allegheny hills. There are several manufacturing here, including a sash-and-door factory which employs a great many men and the Rumsey machine shop which makes gas engines, etc. A fine cement building has just been completed that will be used for manufacturing the DeLaval Separator, and will soon be in operation. The excellent high school is worthy of mention. There are six churches and only one hotel. No saloons whatever. Natural gas and good water are also among the advantages.

Through the sisters' column I have made a corresponding acquaintance with Mrs. Purdy of

Niagara Falls, and I hope to become better acquainted with her ere the summer is over. We intend visiting the great Niagara this summer and she has given me a kind invitation to call on her, which I intend doing.

MRS. CLARA M. WORTHINGTON, Friendship, N. Y.

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIENDS:

I'm almost sure of a hearty welcome. Shall I describe myself? I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have brown hair and eyes and am a matron of five years and am now but twenty-two years old.

I am the proud mother of two fine boys, aged four and two years. My husband, who is four years my senior, is a barber, and the best fellow that ever lived. My mother lives with us, so you see we have quite a family.

We live right in the heart of the city, if it could be dignified by such a name, though it is rather a rushing place. There are several coal mines in the suburbs of Eldorado, we have a foundry and sawmill, in fact work of all kinds. We have five churches, two schools and no saloons, and are just eight miles from Harrisburg, the county capital.

Mrs. A. D. I am not so fortunate as to know your address. May I ask for it?

Mrs. Andrew Chantelle. How much I'd like to correspond with you, you can't even guess.

Mrs. Chunie McNair. I know Pansy is sweet, for I have two boys and I know how to appreciate babies.

Mrs. Hiram A. Purdy. Would you gratify me a little, by writing me a more descriptive letter of your home?

Ma-I have a letter party on June 28th?

MRS. ALSTON PATTERSON, Eldorado, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

It seems to me as I read the letters in COMFORT that they are written by the most noble-hearted women in the world. They all speak so kindly of our shut-ins. I want to tell you of a poor shut-in in every sense of the word, Mrs. Laura Todd (a leper), Pest House, San Francisco, Cal. Most all shut-ins have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with friends and relatives, but no convicts in our penal institutions are more isolated and miserable than she. She is a widow, and a trained nurse, and because she was fearless in caring for small pox patients, she was imposed upon and her life ruined. We of the world outside cannot begin to imagine her misery.

We can earn for ourselves, let us think of her occasionally; she had quite a few comforts before the earthquake, but everything she possessed was lost and she barely escaped, now she is more destitute than ever. Can we not from our abundance remember her occasionally, write her cheery letters, send her something dainty or useful, clothing, hosiery, underwear, wrapper, pretty dish or anything that could be useful; remember she is a refined, educated woman, put there in solitary confinement and provided with the bare necessities of life, and the only white woman there. What a pleasure a music box would be to her, I am going to try to interest a great many of our good women in her life and many shoulders make a burden light. I believe we can, all together, cause her a great deal of pleasure, such things as letters and gifts is all on earth she has to look forward to. She never hears the sound of a human voice.

Please remember that all articles sent Mrs. Todd must have all charges prepaid, and that the U. S. government allows her to send out letters in assurance that there is no danger in handling her letters if anyone cares to hear from her.

A Kansas sister.

MRS. A. H. HUBBS, Genda Springs, Kan.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It seems as if each member of our band were trying to vie with all others as to who will send the best recipes, modes of doing housework and other experiences. Such practical ideas are worth pages of made-up instruction, written by women who never touch sewing-machines, wash-tubs, or cook-stoves. I am going to send some hints on that most useful occupation sewing, which may be a help to beginners. I think it useless to baste much, especially on cotton goods. To make the fronts of a tucked shirt-waist cut off the length of both fronts in one piece, crease in the middle, where the shoulder seams are to be, and allow seven or eight inches on each side of the crease for the length of your tucks for the yoke (place pins here), then find out the width you wish your tucks to be, and run them lengthwise from pin to pin, put as many tucks as desired, leaving a space between them then cut by a pattern in the usual way with the full assurance that both fronts will be tucked alike.

In making a sleeve always put the cuff on before seaming up the sleeve. When sewing it into the garment put the seam at the notch where it should go and pin it, then start to baste it in at the point where you want the gathers to commence, and baste around to where the gathers begin at the back of the sleeve, fasten securely, gather the top of sleeve, drawing the threads until it is the same length as the space you wish to tuck, tack it fast, turn it over, scatter the gathers, evenly, or as you want them and baste in place, never baste in but one sleeve until you have it tried to see if it is all right as there is no use in having to change both.

When sewing lace and insertion together by hand or a lace edge on a hem, I place the two edges together, meeting (not one on top of the other) across my forefinger, and catch lightly together, the thread should never be drawn tightly in sewing laces. Try these ways and report.

Folded away in the portfolio of my memory will always be pleasant recollections of the kind letters, beautiful post cards, literature and souvenirs which were so kindly sent me. I thank each one for remembrance and shall prize the gifts highly and keep them as choicest mementos.

Why is it that the tenderest feet must tread the roughest road?

Why is it that the weakest back must carry the heaviest load?

While the feet that are surest and firmest have the smoothest path to go,

And the back that is straightest and strongest has never a burden to know.

Why is it that the brightest eyes, are the ones soon dim with tears?

Why is it that the lightest heart must ache and ache for years?

While the eyes that are hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear.

And the heart that is smallest and meanest has never an ache to fear.

Why is it that those who are saddest have always the gayest laugh?

Why is it that those who need not have always the "biggest" half?

While those who have never a sorrow have seldom a smile to give,

And those who want just a little must strive and struggle to live.

Why is it that the noblest thoughts are the ones that are never expressed?

Why is it that the grandest deeds are the ones that are never confessed?

While the thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell,

And the deeds that are worth little praise, are the ones that are published well.

Why is it that "Home Workers" have always something to give,

As soon as a sister asks it, n matter where she lives?

Why is it that COMFORT is the best paper in the land?

Will someone please answer these questions, So we all can understand.

ALICE E. MORRISON, Box 143, Mayetta, Kans.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

As my father has been a subscriber to COMFORT for two years I will take the liberty to send you this, my first offering to the Sisters' Corner. I wish all mothers having the care of children to place a warm poultice of a handful of cut tobacco on the stomach just below the breast bone. Let it remain till vomiting begins, then apply cloths

wring out of warm water. A cure will soon be the result.

Use strong tobacco tea for injections in the bowels for stoppage or knotting. It is a never-failing and immediate cure.

The wild wire grass of Michigan made into a strong tea is said to cure asthma and dropsy, if drank frequently. This is an old remedy of the Indian tribes of this section.

I hope that these remedies will help some of the COMFORT sisters.

MISS M. BRIGGS, Box 20, Tepic, Mexico.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have enjoyed the privilege of a silent reader for some time. It is pleasant to chat with the sisters from all the states, but I believe there are not many letters from this state.

Mrs. Hannah Norton Bray wished a description of Oregon. As that is my native state I naturally think it the most desirable place of all to live in. The last three years I have lived by the Alsea Bay, on a ranch most of the time. I like the coast for its healthful climate. The air is pure and the summers delightful, while the winter seasons are very mild. Snow and ice are seldom seen.

Oregon has three principal divisions. First the coast country is new, but people are awakening to its desirable features and are flocking in. Numerous bays along its coast make good harbors for vessels. The principal industries are fishing, lumbering and dairying. It also has a great future as a fruit producing country. The bays are becoming widely known as favorite summer resorts.

In the center of the state lies the beautiful Willamette valley, a very fertile region extending from the southern part of the state to the Columbia river which borders the north. This valley has a mild, delightful climate. General farming with dairying and poultry raising are followed extensively with profitable results. It is famous for its great hop fields; while in fruit it excels. Oregon apples bring highest market prices. Young orchards sell at enormous figures. Small fruits yield abundant crops of excellent quality. New canning plants are being built.

Fine bodies of timber are accessible which supply a great many sawmills. Scores of men are employed in these mills and logging camps. Just over the Cascade mountains is Eastern Oregon, with its hot summers and cold winters. Only a few years ago it was known as a great range, where the cowboys rode after their herds and packs. Conditions have improved and the land is being cultivated. It contains a great wheat belt and sends out many tons of wool each year while dairying is extensively followed.

Oregon's dairy product has grown from nothing ten years ago to five millions in 1902, and seventeen millions in 1907. The fruit yield for 1907 was five million dollars.

Oregon's telephone systems are good, reaching every part. Mrs. NORA SMITH, Waldport, Or.

MY DEARS:

I fear that many of you think that you are not in the good graces of J. A. D. My hand and arm are improving slowly and I trust to be able in another month to answer your kindly letters.

Miss May M. E. Walker, Brayme, Mo., Box 312, says: "I am making up a collection of the soil of the different states and if you and the other readers of COMFORT will be so kind as to send me about two tablespoonfuls, I will return the favor by sending either Missouri soil, flowers, velvet scraps or pie plant roots." I hope the readers of COMFORT and Miss W. will take pleasure in the above exchanges.

Broken-down Business Man.—You have spent the best part of your life, as you write me, with a pen in your hand. You have worn out your ideas, your brains and your faculties in overwork, eating at unseasonable hours, never taking any recreation or pleasure, or if occasionally you take a short outing it is with a rush and strain that is more wearing than your regular occupation, and you return to work more worn out than when you started. You have no mind except for your business. You gradually begin to think you are wearing out and consult a physician who advises a long vacation and perhaps gives you a tonic, the latter you take and think about the vacation. Perhaps the income is small and expenses large, and you continue in the old rut until compelled to give up entirely after having, perhaps, exhausted whatever resources you may have accumulated. Better take my advice and give up before all this happens and look up a small home in the country and take up such line of work as interests you. You may not make so much money but your expenses will be less and you will probably regain your health, live longer and enjoy life more.

One of my girls writes me from a small town where there are many of the mill population, also many of the more aristocratic, how to get work without going into a shop or standing behind a counter. I would suggest that you try what can be done in the line of mending. I know that there are many of the mill population, also those of the more well to do, that would be glad of the opportunity to hire their mending done. Why not put a small advertisement in the paper, or if you are well known let your friends know what you want. I wish you would try this and report to me how you succeed. Many a shop girl or society woman would be glad to have their skirts rebound, brushed and a stitch taken here and there, while the young man or husband would be glad to have a few stitches taken which most wives find would be remodeling the entire garment, and even a poor tired little mother in modest circumstances would be pleased to have such a helper come once or twice a month. I think doing such work would improve your health vastly. If you advertise, simply say, mending of all kinds solicited, and give your name and address.

My friend John Gordon, 2421 So. 24th St., Omaha, Neb., writes me that he is profoundly grateful for all the benefits that have been showered upon him. Don't forget that he takes subscriptions to any of the leading magazines, for which he gets a small commission and the price is the same to you as if sent to the publishers. Send him in some orders and any little thing that may help to fix up his room. And don't forget to send him something to eat if possible or money to buy it with.

We had a host of good things in Mrs. Wilkinson's department in April number of COMFORT, designed by Miss Miller. I hope Mrs. Eckel and our star quilters will all be pleased with them. I know what Mrs. Eckel's work is, as the beautiful Christmas quilt made by my girls and Mrs. Eckel and sent to me is certainly very fine, and I greatly appreciate it.

I should not wonder if Virginia C. Kingry is intending matrimony; notice the heart centerpiece on page five.

Noah H. Fairless. I was so pleased to see your picture in Uncle Charlie's column; we should be proud of such happy bright faces. I hope you have heard from Hy Stanley Bent, Jacksonville, Florida. He needs help and I know that you and some of your friends will assist him, and don't forget to write to our Virginia boy.

Now why didn't COMFORT give us the name of that sweetheart that is dreaming for you, he is telling his love all over the country, on the village green, by the silent old mill stream and 'neath the moon's pale ray. What a pity someone could not have been there with a phono-

INVALID WHEEL CHAIRS FOR THE DESTITUTE SHUT-INS. Read letters by COMFORT'S Publisher on page 2.

graph and rehearsed it to this loving couple twenty years later. Let us remember that we get this beautiful piece of music for fifteen cents instead of going to a music store and paying fifty cents.

J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE).

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a reader of the COMFORT and class it as the best I read. It is scarcely fair to come asking all and giving nothing, but I am an old lady and perhaps my ideas are old and out of date. I would be glad if someone who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Hetty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. He father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Hetty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms. Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hepzibah Thompson objects. Curious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physician orders a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Hetty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly.

Nine times the April flowers blossom, Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clubs if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who is she, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clubs tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hepzibah Thompson. Milly realizes if she isn't Milly Hawkins then Aunt Hepzibah isn't her granny. She visits Beechwood. Judge Howell is incensed. Milly thinks the Judge is her father. Oliver raises his hand to smite her when his eyes meet those of Richard in the picture on the wall. He sends Milly from his home. She meets Lawrence Thornton, and she confides to him the story of her life. He advises her to run away to Boston. Cousin Geraldine Veille wants a waiting maid. Lillian, her half-sister, will be good to her. Milly runs away; she misses the train; a severe snow storm comes on. In her desperation she goes to Judge Howell's. She's "come to stay." He'll be sorry if he turns her away. If she is not troublesome she may stay for good and he rings for Rachel to open the register in the chamber above. The next morning Hepzibah and Oliver appear on the scene. Oliver begs Judge Howell to keep her; she grows into his heart, and he promises to send Oliver to college if he learns smart and she behaves herself. Milly goes to Charlestown Seminary with Lillian Veille. Three years pass and she and Lillian come home to Beechwood. Milly goes to see Oliver and confides to him that she answers Lawrence Thornton's letters written to Lillian Veille. How will it end? Milly writes a letter for Lillian inviting Lawrence to visit Beechwood. Mr. Thornton requests Lawrence to make Lillian his wife, and not fool with Milly, who is of unknown parentage. Does his father know for certain she is not the child of his sister Helen? Milly admits she loves someone as much as Lillian loves Lawrence Thornton, but refuses to give his name. Lawrence goes to Beechwood. On his way he again reads the letter received from Lillian. There must be more in her heart than her conversation indicates. Lillian tells Lawrence, Milly is in love and the clouds gather. Milly goes to Oliver in her trouble. Oliver rescues Lawrence from drowning; Milly hears the outcry and calling Lillian they go to Lawrence. They think he is dead and the Judge overhears Milly say, "He is mine now as much as yours." Lillian is afraid of dead folks and shrinks from going. Judge Howell is out of patience and orders Lillian back to the house and prepare the chamber for the body. Milly breathes her breath into Lawrence's lungs and he lives. Clubs tells Milly the name Lawrence speaks when he is sinking. Judge Howell enlightens Lawrence of Lillian's selfishness and Milly's devotion, and Lawrence begs if he may tell Milly of his love.

CHAPTER XII.

MILLY'S PROPOSAL INTERRUPTED.

"MISS VEILLE," said the Judge at the breakfast-table next morning, "the carriage will be running in just an hour, and as, if you are at all like Milly, you have a thousand and one traps to pick up, you'd better be about it."

"Milly is going to help me. I never could do it alone," returned Lillian, sipping her coffee very leisurely and lingering in the dining-room to talk with Lawrence, even after breakfast was over.

Milly, however, had gone up-stairs, and thither Judge Howell followed, finding her as he expected, folding up Lillian's clothes, and placing them in her trunk.

"That girl is too lazy to breathe," he said. "Why don't she come and help you, when I've a particular reason for wishing you to hurry," and by way of accelerating matters, he rumbled in a heap two of Lillian's muslin dresses, a lace berth next came under consideration, but Milly snatched it from him just as he was tucking it away with a pair of India rubbers.

"You ruin the things," she cried. "What's the matter?"

"I'll tell you," he answered, in a whisper. "I want to see you alone a few minutes before they go off. I tried last night, but had to give it up."

"We are alone now," said Milly, while the Judge replied:

"Hang it all, taint me that wants to see you. Don't you understand?"

Milly confessed her ignorance, and he was about to explain, when Lillian came up with a letter just received from her sister.

"The Lord help me," groaned the Judge, while Lillian, thinking he spoke to her, said:

"What, sir?"

"I am swearing to myself," he replied, and adding in an aside to Milly: "Come down as quickly as you can," he left the room.

Scarcely had he gone when Lillian began:

"Guess, Milly, what Geraldine has written. She says Lawrence was intending to propose to me while he was here, and she thinks I'd better manage—dear me, what was it she said," and opening the letter she read: "If he has not already offered himself, and a favorable opportunity should occur, you had better adroitly accept the conversation in that direction. A great deal can sometimes be accomplished by a little skillful management."

"There, that's what she wrote and now, what does she mean for me to do? Why, Milly, you are putting my combs and brushes in my jewel-box! What ails you?"

"So I am," returned Milly. "I am hardly myself this morning."

"It's because I'm going away, I suppose; but say, how can I adroitly lead the conversation in that direction?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Milly, but Lillian persisted that she did, and at last, in sheer despair, Milly said: "You might ask him if he ever intended to be married."

"Well then, what?" said Lillian.

"Mercy! I don't know," returned Milly. "It would depend altogether upon his answer. Perhaps he'll say he does—perhaps he'll say he doesn't."

This was enough to mystify Lillian completely; and, with a most doleful expression she began to change her dress, saying the while:

"I see you won't help me out; but I don't care. He must offer himself that night when I sat with him when you were down with Clubs;" and she repeated, in an exaggerated form, several things which he had said to her, while all the while poor Milly's tears were dropping into the trunk which she was packing.

Ever since Oliver had told her of Lawrence's drowning cry there had been a warm sunny spot in her heart, but Lillian's words had chilled it, and to herself she whispered sadly:

"Oliver did not hear aright. It was Lily, dear Lily," he said.

"Milly!" screamed the Judge from the lower hall, "come down here, quick; I want you for as much as fifteen minutes; and you, Miss Lillian, if that packing isn't done, hurry up, or Thornton will go off without you."

"I think it's right hateful in him," muttered

Lillian, adding in a coaxing tone, as Milly was leaving the room, "won't you kind of be thinking how I can lead the conversation in that direction, for I shall have a splendid chance in the cars, and you can whisper it to me before I go."

"I wonder what he wants of her?" she continued to herself as Milly ran down-stairs. "I mean to hurry and see," and so she quickened her movements that scarcely ten minutes had elapsed ere her trunk was ready, and she had started in quest of Milly.

"Go back, you afgree. You ain't wanted there," and the Judge, who kept guard in the hall below, interposed his cane between her and the door of the drawing-room, where Lawrence and Milly sat together, his arm round her waist, her hand in his own, and her eyes downcast, but shining like stars beneath their long-fringed lashes.

In answer to her question, "What do you want of me?" the Judge had pointed to the drawing-room, and said:

"The one who wants you is in there."

"Who can it be?" she thought and crossing the threshold of the door, where she stopped suddenly, for directly beneath the portrait of Judge Howell's daughter, Lawrence stood waiting for her.

"Did you wish to speak with me, Mr. Thornton? Do you want me?" she asked, when a little recovered from her astonishment.

"Yes, Milly, yes," Lawrence answered impetuously. "I want you for life—want you forever," and advancing toward her, he wound one arm about her as he held one hand in his, and Milly felt as if she were laboring under some hallucination.

"Dear Milly," the voice at her side began, and then she knew it was not Lillian he meant.

She could not mistake her own name, and she listened breathlessly while he told her of the love conceived more than two years before, when she was a merry, hoydenish school-girl of fifteen, and had spent a few days at his father's house.

"It has always been my father's wish," he said, "that I must marry Lillian, and until quite recently I have fostered the belief that I should sometime do so, even though I knew I could be

happier with you; but, Milly—Lillian can never be my wife."

"Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence, Lawrence!" and spite of the Judge's cane—spite of the Judge's boot—spite of the Judge's burly figure planted in the doorway to impede her ingress, Lillian Veille rushed headlong into the middle of the room, where she stood a moment, wringing her hands in mute despair, and then fell or rather crouched upon the floor, still crying: "Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence!"

Wholly blinded by her sister's sn. had as much expected to be the future wife of Lawrence Thornton as to see the next day's sun, and had never thought it possible for him to choose another, so when she saw his position with Milly and heard the words: "Lillian can never be my wife," the shock was overwhelming, and she sank upon the carpet, helpless, sick, and fainting.

"Now, I'll be hanged," said the Judge, "if this ain't a little the greatest performance; but go right on, boy, have your say out, I'll tend to her," and bursting into the library, he caught up in his trepidation the ink-bottle instead of the camphor.

"A little thrown in her face will fetch her to. Camphor is good for the hysterics," he said, and hurrying back he would undoubtedly have deluged poor Lillian with ink, if Milly had not pushed him away just as the first drop had fallen on her dress.

Whether Lawrence would have "had his say out," or not, was not proved, for Milly sprang to Lillian's side, and lifting her head upon her lap asked if she were sick.

"No, no," moaned Lillian, covering her face with her hands and crying a low, plaintive cry, which fell on Milly's heart like a reproachful sound, "no, not sick, but I wish that I were dead. Oh, Milly, how could you serve me so, when you knew that he was mine? Ain't you Lawrence?"

"Oh, Lawrence!" and burying her face in her hands, she sobbed passionately.

"Lillian," said Lawrence, drawing near to her, "Lillian, I have never intended to deceive you; I am not responsible for what my father and Geraldine have said."

"Stop, I won't hear!" cried Lillian, putting her fingers to her ears. "Milly coaxed you, I know she did, and that hateful old man, too. Let's go home, where Geraldine is. You always loved me there."

She did not seem to blame him in the least; on the contrary, she charged all to Milly, who could only answer with her tears, for the whole had been so sudden—so like a dream to herself.

"Carriage at the gate—is the young lady's trunk ready?" asked Finn in the hall, and consulting his watch Lawrence saw that if they went that day they had no time to lose.

"Hurry, we better stay till tomorrow," he suggested, unwilling to leave until Milly had told him yes.

"No, no!" Lillian fairly screamed. "We mustn't stay another minute," and grasping his arm, she led him into the hall, while the Judge, with the ink-bottle still in his hand, slyly whispered:

"You can write, boy—you can write."

Yes he could write, and comforted by this thought, Lawrence raised Milly's hand to his lips, while Lillian's blue eyes flashed with far

more spirit than was ever seen in them before. She would not say good by, and she walked stiffly down to the carriage, holding fast to Lawrence, lest by some means he should be spirited away.

It was a most dismally silent ride from Beechwood to the depot, for Lillian persisted in crying behind her veil, and as Lawrence knew of no consolation to offer he wisely refrained from speaking.

When they entered the cars where Lillian had hoped for a splendid time, provided Milly told her "how to lead this conversation," the little lady was still crying and continued so until Boston was in sight. Then, indeed, she cheered up, thinking to herself how "she'd tell Geraldine and have her see to it."

"Why Lawrence—Lillian—who expected you today?" Geraldine Veille exclaimed, when about four o'clock she met them in the hall.

In a few words as possible Lawrence explained to her that he had been nearly drowned, and as he did not feel much like visiting after that, he had come home and brought Lillian with him.

"But what ails her? She has not been drowned too," said Geraldine, alarmed at her sister's white face and swollen eyes.

Thinking that Lillian might explain, Lawrence hastened off, leaving them alone.

"Oh, sister," cried Lillian, when he was gone. "Come up-stairs to our room, where I can tell you all about it and how unhappy I am."

In a moment they entered their chamber, and throwing her wraps on the floor, Lillian began her story, to which Geraldine listened with flashing eyes and burning cheeks.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed, when Lillian had finished. "Of course she enticed him. It's like her; but don't distress yourself, Lily, dear, I can manage it, I think."

"It don't need any managing," sobbed Lillian, "now that we've got home. He always loves me best here, and he'll forget that hateful Milly."

This was Lillian's conclusion. Geraldine's was different. Much as she hated Milly Howell, she knew that having loved her once, Lawrence would not easily cease to love her, let him be where he would, and though from Lillian's story she inferred that he had not yet fully committed himself, she knew he would do so, and by letter, too, unless she devised some means of preventing it. Still she would not for the world, that Lawrence should suspect her design, and when at dinner she met him at the table, her smiling face told no tale of the storm within. Mr. Thornton was absent, and for that she was glad as it gave her a greater freedom of action.



"MILLY—LILLIAN CAN NEVER BE MY WIFE." . . . "OH, LAWRENCE, LAWRENCE!"

"Where's Lily?" Lawrence asked, a little anxious to hear what she had to say.

With a merry laugh, Geraldine replied:

"Poor little chicken, she can't bear her grief at all, and it almost killed her to find that you preferred another to herself. But she'll get over it, I dare say. Milly is a beautiful girl; that you would marry Lillian, and indeed expected, at liberty to choose for yourself; and I am glad you have made a good choice. When is the happy day?"

Lawrence was completely duped, for, man-like, he did not see how bitterly one woman could hate another, even while seeming to like her, and his heart warmed toward Geraldine for talking of this matter so coolly.

"I do not know that the happy day will be at all," he replied; "for Lily came upon us before I had half finished. She may refuse me yet."

"It's hardly possible," answered Geraldine, helping him to another cup of tea. "When Miss Howell was last here I suspected her of being in love with someone, and foolishly fancied it might be young Hudson, who called on her so often. But I see my mistake. You did not finish your proposal, you say. You'll write to her tonight, of course, and have the matter decided."

"That is my intention," returned Lawrence, beginning to feel a little uneasy at having suffered Geraldine to draw so much out of him.

Still he did not suspect her real design, though he did wonder at her being so very cordial when she had always looked upon him as her brother-in-law elect. "As long as there is no help for it, she means to make the best of it, I presume," he thought, and wishing she might transfer some of her sense to Lillian, he went to his room to write the letter, which would tell Milly Howell that the words he said to her that morning were in earnest.

Could Geraldine have secured the letter and destroyed it, she would unhesitatingly have done so, but Lawrence did not leave his room until it was completed, and when at last he went out, he carried it to the office, and thus placed it beyond her reach. But the wily woman had another plan, and going to Lillian, who really had made herself sick with weeping, she casually inquired what time Judge Howell usually received his Boston letters.

"At night if he sends to the office," thought Geraldine, for mademoiselle will be expecting a letter," and as she just then heard Mr. Thornton entering his room, she stepped across the hall and knocked cautiously at the door.

Mr. Thornton was not in a very amiable mood that night. Business was dull—money scarce—debts were constantly coming in with no means of cancelling them, and in the dreaded future he fancied he saw the word "Insolvent," coupled with his own name. From this there was a way of escape. Lillian Veille had money, and if she were Lawrence's wife, Lawrence as his junior partner could use the money for the benefit of the firm. This was a strong reason why he was so anxious for a speedy marriage between the two, and was also one cause of his professed aversion to Milly Howell. Having never seen Judge Howell and Milly together, he did not know how strong was the love the old man bore the child

of his adoption, and he did not believe he would be foolish enough to give her much of his hoarded wealth. Thornton must marry Lillian, and that soon, he was thinking to himself as he entered the room, for his son's marriage was the burden of his thoughts, and having just heard of his return, he was wondering whether he had engaged himself to Lillian, or fooled with Milly, as he told him not to do, when Geraldine came to the door.

Thinking it was Lawrence who knocked, he bade him come in at once, but a frown flitted over his face when he saw that it was his niece.

"I supposed that you were Lawrence," he said. "I heard he was at home. What brought him so soon?"

In a few words Geraldine told him of the accident, and then, when the father's feeling of alarm had subsided, Mr. Thornton asked:

"Did he come to an understanding with Lillian?"

"Yes, I think she understands him perfectly," was Geraldine's reply, at which Mr. Thornton caught quickly.

"They are engaged then? I am very glad," and the word "Insolvent" passed from his mental horizon, leaving there instead, bonds and mortgages, bank stocks, city houses, Western lands and ready money at his command.

But the golden vision faded quickly, when Geraldine repeated to him what she knew of Lawrence and Milly Howell.

"Not engaged to her? Oh, heavens!" and Mr. Thornton then grew dark with passion; "I won't have it so. I'll break it up. I'll nip it in the bud," and he strode across the floor foaming with fury and uttering bitter invectives against the innocent cause of his wrath.

"Sit down, Uncle Robert," said Geraldine, when his wrath was somewhat expended. "The case isn't as hopeless as you imagine. A little skill on my part, and a little firmness on yours, is all that is necessary. Lillian surprised them before Lawrence had asked the question itself, but he has written tonight and the letter is in the office. Milly will receive . . . of course—there's no helping that; but we can, I think, prevent her answering yes."

"How—how?" Thornton eagerly demanded, and Geraldine explained: "You know that if they are once engaged no power on earth can separate them, for Lawrence has a strong will of his own, and what we have to do is to keep them from being engaged."

"No necessity for repeating that again," growled Mr. Thornton. "Tell me at once what to do."

"Simply this," answered Geraldine: "Do not awake Lawrence's suspicions, though if, when you meet him to-night, he gives you his confidence, you can seem to be angry at first, but gradually grow calm, and tell him that what is done can't be helped."

"Well, then, what?" interrupted Mr. Thornton, impatient to hear the rest.

"Milly will receive his letter tomorrow night," said Geraldine, "and as it is Saturday, she cannot answer until Monday, of course. In the meantime you must go to see her—"

"Me?" exclaimed Mr. Thornton. "I go to Beechwood to rouse up that old lion! It's as much as my life is worth. You don't know him, Geraldine. He has the most violent temper, and I do not wish to make him angry with me just now."

"Perhaps you won't see him," returned Geraldine. "Lillian says that he frequently takes a ride on horseback about sunset, as he thinks it keeps off the apoplexy, and he may be gone. At all events you can ask to see Miss Howell alone. You must tell Lawrence you are going to Albany, and that will account for your taking the early train. You will thus reach Mayfield at the same time with the letter, but can stop at the hotel until it has been received and read."

"I begin to get your meaning," said Mr. Thornton, brightening up. "You wish me to see her before she has very mighty reason why she should refuse my son. I can do that, too. But will she listen? She is as fiery as a pepper-hot herself."

"Perhaps not at first, but I think her high temper and foolish pride will materially aid you, particularly when you touch upon her parentage, and hint that you will be ashamed of her—besides you are to take from me a letter in which I shall appeal to her sympathy for Lillian, and that will rouse up that old lion! I do believe she loves Lillian."

A while longer they talked together, and Geraldine had thoroughly succeeded in making Mr. Thornton understand what he was to do, when Lawrence, himself, came to the door, knocking for admittance. He seemed a little surprised at seeing Geraldine there, but her well-timed remark to his father, "So you think I'd better try Bridget a week or two longer?" convinced him that there was some trouble with the servants, a thing not of rare occurrence in their household.

Mr. Thornton looked up quickly, not quite comprehending her, but she was gone ere he had time to ask her what she meant, and he was alone with his son. Lawrence had come to tell his father everything, but his father did not wish to be told. He was not such an adept in cunning as Geraldine, and he feared lest he might betray himself either by word or manner, so he talked of indifferent subjects, asking Lawrence about the accident—and Beechwood, and about Judge Howell, and finally coming to business, where he managed to drag in rather laughingly, that he was going to Albany in the morning, and should not return until Monday.

"I can tell him then," thought Lawrence, "and if she should refuse me, it would be as well for him not to know it."

Thus deciding, he bade his father good night, and when next morning at a rather late hour he came down to breakfast, he was told by the smiling Geraldine that "Uncle Robert had started on the mail train for Albany."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LETTER.

For a long time after the departure of Lawrence and Lillian, Milly sat in a kind of maze, wondering whether the events of the last hour were real or whether they were all a dream, and that Lawrence Thornton had not called her "Dear Milly," as she thought he did. The Judge, who might have enlightened her, had been suddenly called away, just as the carriage rolled down the avenue, and feeling a restless desire to talk to somebody, she at last ran off to Oliver. He would know whether Lawrence was in earnest, and he would be almost as happy as she was.

"Dear Oliver," she whispered, softly as she tripped down the Cold Stream path, "how much he loses by not knowing what it is to love the way I do."

Deluded Milly! How little she dreamed of the wild, absorbing love which burned in Oliver Hawkins' heart, and burned there the more fiercely that he must not let it be known. It was in vain he tried to quench it with his tears; they were like oil poured upon the flame, and often in the midnight hour, when there was no one to hear, he cried in bitterness of spirit "Will the good Father forgive me if it is a sin to love her, for I cannot, cannot help it."

He was next bed this morning, but he welcomed Milly with his accustomed smile; telling her how glad he was to see her, and how much sunshine she brought into the sick-room.

"The world would be very dark to me without you, Milly," he said, and his long white fingers moved slowly over her shining hair.

It was a habit he had of caressing her hair,

"FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY." Read our special editorial on page 15.

and Milly, who expected it, bent her beautiful head to the familiar touch.

"Why did Lawrence go without coming to see me?" he asked, and at the question Milly's secret burst out. She could not keep it any longer, and with her usual impetuosity she told him all, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

HERE we are again. Crawl up into my lap, and let us have a good old-fashioned chin once more. We won one wheel chair for the shut-ins in March and another in April. I can't tell if we won one in May or not. The ship old boy, don't despair, you will get out of trouble yet if you keep plugging away. I am so delighted to find how enthusiastic you are over this chair business. I am only sorry we did not think of it before. Think how many sad lives we might have brightened if we had. However, better late than never. There are thousands of you who have not made the slightest effort to help me in this matter, others have done more than their share. The world is full of the Wills and the Wonts, the ants and the sluggards, the bees and the drones. Nothing is accomplished without some effort, but the people who strive and do make an effort are rewarded by success ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Let me tell you a little story. We had two pitchers of milk donated to us by a kind friend the other day, and we placed them on the refrigerator in our chicken coop, and they had not been there long before a fly flew in each pitcher. One fly was from Boston and the other from Chicago. The fly from Boston seemed greatly distressed at the predicament in which he found himself. The fly from Chicago was somewhat annoyed, but was not in the least bit discouraged. He said, "I am going to get out of here somehow." The fly from Boston said, "I see my finish, after I have been swimming around in this milk for about ten minutes I am going to drown." The Chicago fly shouted to him, "Never give up the ship old boy, don't despair, you will get out of trouble yet if you keep plugging away." In the morning I went to get the two pitchers of milk, and found the Boston fly floating on the top of one pitcher dead. It had quit swimming, quit making any effort, and in consequence had drowned. When I looked in the other pitcher I was considerably astonished. The milk had all disappeared, but there instead was a large pat of butter, with the fly standing on top of it, looking as spry and slick as if he had just fallen heir to Carnegie's millions. I said, "Good morning, Mr. Fly, you seem pretty gay this morning, when I saw you last night I thought you would be a dead fly today, the same as your Boston brother is, in the other pitcher. How is it you got out alive, and what has become of the milk, and where did you get that butter?" "I will tell you Uncle Charlie," said the fly, "all about it. I am a Chicago fly, and I don't believe in dying, and ever since I fell in that pitcher of milk, I have been splashing around and making one big everlasting effort to get out, the result is I have churned this milk into a pound of butter and here I am on the top of the butter on solid ground and feeling fine and dandy. That darned Boston fly was a quitter and a piker, and cashed in his check without making any effort. I am not a quitter, 'never say die' is my motto. I kept plugging, and here I am on top of the heap alive and well." I shook hands with that fly, made him stay to dinner, introduced him to all the family, including Billy the Goat, pinned the C. L. O. C. button on the lapel of his Prince Albert coat, and wished him a fond adieu. Now take that little story to heart, all you who are craven-hearted quitters, you narrow-souled ones who never make an effort or accomplish anything, you whiners who get into trouble and expect other people to haul you out. You weak-hearted "Will Nots," get into line with the strong-hearted "Doers." I will tell you more about this from the bottom of my heart all those good souls who have been helping me to get these wheel chairs. God bless you one and all, I say, God bless you.

I also wish to thank all those dear good friends who worked for Uncle Charlie's Poems for a premium. Remember it only takes five subs. now to earn this superb autographed volume, instead of seven. One hour's pleasant effort, and it's yours.

I want to present Mr. Gannett with twenty-five thousand subscriptions, towards the two millions we are striving to get by November the first. I am afraid that I will not get half this amount, unless you all put your shoulders to the wheel. Over twenty thousand new League members have yet to send in a new member if we are to have fifty thousand in the League by November first. Please get a wiggle on you. Do it now!

We are planning to give you a very much handsomer League button. When sending out our card and button we are also planning to inclose one of our printed letter lists, containing several hundred names of those cousins who want correspondents. That ought to be a big inducement for you to hustle. I am a little afraid though that this will make our letter too bulky, and it may have to go in the four cent class, and if so you shall have to drop this feature of the plan. I will tell you more about this later. Those who want to get in this letter list must write their names, addresses and ages on a separate slip of paper. People who send five cents for card and button, and say they forgot to send it with their subs, will get it back minus postage. Twenty-five cents in cash must be enclosed in your envelopes if you want to enter this League. Lost buttons will be replaced on receipt of five cents.

The pressure on our shut-in list is getting so great I shall be only able to print the names of the most desperate and needy cases. I get more appeals in a month than I could publish in a year.

Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 28, 1908.
I have been a member of your League one year and have enjoyed reading your letters. I will first give you a description of myself: I have fair complexion, brown hair and blue eyes; my height is five feet four inches, and weight one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I am a music teacher, have taught nine years; I have a class of twenty-eight pupils. There is nothing I enjoy more than playing the piano. I have some very pretty pieces; one of my favorites is "The Destruction of San Francisco."

I have just returned home from a three weeks' visit in Iowa and had a very pleasant trip. I suppose I have written as much as you will care to read about myself so I will close with a little advice to you. Well Uncle Charlie as you can't find a wife, I suppose you have decided to live a bachelor's life. But, dear Uncle, don't give up in despair, just because on the top of your head, you have but one hair. Take my advice get out and dig, and get some money and buy a wig; then you'll come out in victory's strife, and some day find a nice little wife. Your niece has proposed to you time and again, but to marry one of them you know would be a sin. Surely, living single is not your fate. If you can't find a wife in Maine, try another state. Respectfully,
VENA LEE (No. 17,727).

Vena your letter is delightfully written, in real ink on swell paper, and I thank you for that. Vena if you proposed to me, I would not stay long single, but you would see me double quick. A lady proposed to me the other day, and asked

me if I was willing to get married and double up. She asked me to come to dinner and consider it. After I had eaten the dinner I doubled up all right, and it took six doctors to straighten me out again. I have not felt like doubling up since. I think that every wise man should get out of the state of Maine and get into the state of matrimony. I do not crave riches, I do not want wealth. All I ask for, all I am looking for, is a nice poor girl with lots of money. When your wife has got the dough you are never likely to run short of bread. I am passionately fond of music, Vena, and I can play a beautiful solo on a ham bone. The only objection I have to music is it is full of bars, and they do not like bars in Maine. It is time somebody wrote some prohibition music without bars. If you have twenty-eight pupils and give them all an hour's lesson every day and charge them all a dollar apiece, I think I should like to play a duet with you for life, especially if you will let me hold the money. I had my piano smashed the other day. There was a peppy Southern gentleman came into my chicken coop, and when he saw that the dark-keys were above the white, he kicked the stuffing of it. I would just love to see you destroy San Francisco on the piano. It has been always somewhat of a mystery just what caused the destruction of the great city by the Golden Gate. We know an earthquake had a hand in it, but we never knew exactly just what caused the earth to quake; but now that you explain the performances you have been giving of the destruction of San Francisco on the piano, the cause of the awful catastrophe is a secret no longer. Can you stand arranged at the bar of eternal justice, and I weep for you, Cousin. If we could only get an opera house that could seat one million people and have Vena on the stage destroying San Francisco on the piano, we could raise enough money to keep all the shut-ins and invalids in clover for one thousand years. What a muscle Vena must have to destroy twenty story buildings, and send hundreds of business blocks, crashing to earth with tangled masses of broken iron. You can see the panic-stricken people screaming for mercy and running in all directions, then seas of flame fly up over the piano, but Vena goes on with her wholesale work of destruction until the city of San Francisco is one mass of smouldering ruins.

Vena, if you could destroy the city of San Francisco the Lord alone knows what you would do with me if you could get me across your knee about three A. M. in the morning. Cousins I think we had better beseech Vena to close up that piano, or maybe after she gets tired of destroying San Francisco, she may start the destruction of Augusta, Maine, and my chicken coop, then what would you do every month with no League and no Uncle Charlie.

KELLOGG, MINN., Feb. 10, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am twenty-four years old, and have been reared on the farm. The principal product in this vicinity is barley, and there is no prettier scene than a barley field when it turns to golden yellow. Beside farming I have been a newspaper correspondent for the past two years, also a member of a dramatic company during the winter months.

Now Uncle Charlie, were you ever an actor upon the stage? I can well remember my first experience, standing there shaking like a leaf, before the curtains rose; but it is great to stand before the people and have them have their own opinion of you. Several hundred who is not having a good time, and to think of the good time you will have on them, when the show is over, not on them, but on their money. We all should have a good time to make life seem worth living. Your loving nephew,
ANDREW M. HOWE (No. 21,486).

Andrew we are very proud to hear from such a distinguished dramatic genius as yourself. That is quite an idea to be a farmer in the summer, and an actor in the winter. I will wager when the cousins get on to that gag, they will work it for all it is worth. Yes, Andrew as I have told you more than once I was at one time an actor, and a very wonderful actor too, but of course I was never quite clever enough to be in your class. I am glad you think it is great to stand on the stage and have everybody laugh at you. If I got on the stage and everybody laughed at me I think I would die of a broken heart. I hope the next time you act Andrew, your performance will be better, so that you will not get laughed at. You do not mean to say you charge the audience money to come in and see you act, Andrew do you? I never had the nerve to do that. I used to give them a ten dollar bill to come in, then they were always willing to give me one hundred dollars to get out. Don't you think, Cousins that it would be a great idea to start an operatic and dramatic company in connection with the League. We could produce Uncle Tom's cabin and have Andrew play one of the bloodhounds. When he wagged his tail you could all laugh. I could play the cabin and Billy the Goat could play Uncle Tom. Between the acts Andrew could give a lecture on the wedding of the farmyard and the stage. Before the conclusion of the performance there would probably be enough decayed hen fruit on the stage to make the wedding an actual and complete success. The League musicians could sit in the orchestra, and play a few lovely funeral melodies, while the League "pots" recited their "pottery." As a grand climax, Billy the Goat would swallow Uncle Tom and the cabin. After the performance Andrew could sell the eggs, and realize enough money to walk home with. It is great to be an actor when the audience laughs with you, but Andrew never let them laugh at you. When they do that you had best cut the stage out, and stay on the little old farm.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

GLOBE, ARIZONA, Jan. 14, 1908.
I suppose I must call you Uncle Charlie in order to gain admittance, and I just have to join Comfort's League of Cousins. After reading my last copy where you say "you will never rest satisfied until every member of the COMFORT family wears our badge," I for one want that badge, as I could not stand for poor Uncle Charlie to be dissatisfied, so cousins come early and avoid the grand rush. Uncle Charlie you remind me of my father so much, he always had a funny reply, as you have, and always looked on the funny side of life. I think those working around you, must be kept amused by your letters. I don't think you have many cousins from this part of the world. This is a mining camp, gold, silver and copper. Were you ever in a mine hundreds of feet below the surface? I don't come here and get out the cage and go down fifteen hundred feet, some of the mines are down in the mines and never see the sunlight as it would be very hard to bring them up like the men, on the cage.

Talk about Indians, we have lots of them here. Uncle Charlie, there is one sweet, dark Indian maiden of about one hundred summers (she never saw any winters as we don't have them here). Would you like to send her C. O. D.? If so let me know. Just think, this is January and I have flowers still blooming in my garden. I used to live back East and I know the joys of skating, but still I think I like it here better. I think you had better take the Indian

maid of one hundred summers as they do all the work here, gather wood, and if they make the women carry everything on their heads, the babies too. The men work a little sorting ore in the mines, they very often dance their death dance, and devil dance, they look so ugly then, that I have seen women run away and cry they were so scared of them. They make very fine baskets, and lovely articles from beads—they are Apaches. I have seen them take a silver fifty cent piece hammer it into a ring, and very pretty ones too. Well if you can read this letter without standing on your head to do so, I shall be very much pleased. Uncle Charlie is Augusta, Maine, a big city or not?

I will give my age as I see you are going to refuse letters unless we do so. I am twenty-five years old. I think you do a great deal of good in your League. Your Arizona cousin,
MRS. SAM MCILLAN.

I should like to see that sweet Indian maiden of one hundred summers. I should like to take her to an Indian rubber ball, she would make a swell dancer. The only trouble with her is she is a little too young for me, I like something at least old enough to vote. If I eloped with the Indian maiden you speak of, I would be arrested for a cradle robber. I wouldn't want those Apaches to be putting patches on me. I don't see why they keep these poor mules underground all the time. They could very easily put them into a cage and bring them up to the surface. When I was a boy I had a mule in a cage and he used to hang in the parlor window and sing for us. You never heard real music until you heard that mule in the cage singing a duet by himself. He had all the ca-aries jealous for a hundred miles around. Augusta, Maine, has a population of one when I am in it, and one less than that when I am out of it. There used to be another man around here besides myself, but he walked in his sleep one night, and got on the ice, and was eaten up by a polar bear, so the population still consists of one. I have heard there are others, but you must remember I am the only one that counts here. The other Eskimos never get their names in the census. I am the only one the U. S. recognize as being worth counting.

DANVILLE, ILL., Feb. 19, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND ALL THE COUSINS:

Delighted, I assure you. This is my first attempt and I want to shake hands all around. I am a COMFORT premium? I am for one. You will see that I have headed my letter "Illinois," but I am not a daughter of that state, but of good old Missouri. All of you Missouri cousins will agree with me, that our state abounds in beautiful scenery, big red apples, and last, but not least, long-eared mules. Illinois is a fine state for general farm products, but I do not like what I have seen of it, because it is too cold, and the whole country is too much on the level.

I have brown hair, hazel eyes, five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and five pounds. Now put your ears real close so Uncle Charlie won't hear and I will tell you my age, twenty and I am still enjoying single blessedness. I wonder how many of the city cousins have tried country life? I have lived in the country for three years and like it much better than the city. I have taken care of horses and chickens, and oh I tried to milk a cow. I wish I could catch a city cousin, and send him to the country and watch her while she tried to milk Bossy! Ha! Ha! I wonder if she would succeed (?) as well as I did.

Now Uncle Charlie, I am going to tell the cousins of a simple remedy for all sorts of stomach trouble and would be pleased to have you tell them what you think of it as a cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Cousins, drink hot water! That is all there is to it. Drink hot water just as much of it as you can hold. Stop coffee and tea and take a pint of hot water before breakfast. I tried it and it is better than all the medicine a doctor can give you. Who will give me the pleasure of receiving a letter from them. I am fond of reading and writing and will try to answer all letters. I wish for good health and the simple life. BERTHA L. HOPKINS (No. 22,073).

I am sorry you object to Illinois being on the level. That surely ought to be a recommendation. I too, tried to milk a cow once, Bertha. They gave me a stool and a pail, and told me to go out to the pasture and milk her. I went out and found a lady cow smoking a cigarette, and enjoying the morning air. I will not tell you what took place between me and the cow, but when I returned to the farmhouse I was considerably battered up, and looked as if I had been through several kinds of a cyclone. The farmer said, "Well, Uncle Charlie what have you been doing?" I said, "I have been trying to milk that cow." He said, "Well, did you succeed?" I said, "Succeed—no. I have been trying for two hours to get her to sit on that darned stool you gave me and I'll dashed binged if I can make her sit on it." Then they laughed and they have been laughing ever since but why I do not know. How the deuce can you milk a cow anyway, if she won't sit on the stool?

Hot water is an excellent thing for the stomach Bertha, so some authorities claim. There are others however who are of the opinion that it is a very bad thing, and when doctors disagree who is to decide? Some authorities claim that it washes out the stomach, and tones it up. Others say that in flushing out the stomach you wash out all the gastric juices and other concoctions that nature provides for digesting food. However it undoubtedly has helped many. Some others are not aided by it. It is very easy however to experiment and find out whether it helps you or not. It is best not to drink it boiling hot unless you want to blister your innerds.

BURKE, WASH., Jan. 31, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have received COMFORT for two months now, and am delighted with the Cousins' Corner especially. I am five feet five inches high, weigh one hundred and forty-two pounds, have blue eyes and dark brown hair, am twenty years of age, and am not what you would exactly call a barometer. I am now living on a ranch, but am a sailor by profession and inclination too. I am living in the desert region of Eastern Washington, on a homestead for my father. He is away on the coast and I am taking care of his stock. There are three of us boys here, an older brother, and two younger ones. The older brother is a bachelor, and the other is a married man.

We have a pretty good time riding the ponies and chasing coyotes and jack-rabbits. But I am too much of a seaman to be a good horseman, and it almost seems supernatural the way some of the cowboys and ranchmen here stick on their horses. The first time I tried it, the boys told me to get on me; they brought out a sleepy, innocent looking brute that looked like he didn't have life enough in him to die, and was only living because that was the easiest thing to do. I, following the directions the lads gave me, put my foot into the step that hangs on each side, that they call a stirrup, and climbed into the seat. Then, still following instructions, I asked him in the ribs with the spurs. After that things seemed rather mixed, but I made fast to the capstan on the bow of the saddle, where they fasten the towing hawsers, that they catch cattle with and for a while, bounced around with a heavy sea running. But soon the horse jumped from under me, and I fell on the sand. The boys laughed, but they brought a gentle horse out then, and I have been riding him ever since. There are but few people in this country, so we get very lonesome sometimes. They raise wheat and it is about all that they can raise.

It is a flat prairie here, with not a tree anywhere, nothing but sage brush, and bunch grass, truly a dry place for someone used to land in. I am going to try and get back on the coast next summer, and go sailing again, but at present, time hangs heavily on my hands. I should like to hear from all the cousins, particularly those from the South, and will answer all letters, if I have to rob a bank to pay postage. Hoping to hear from all the cousins I remain,
REED BENHAM.

Glad to get your letter, Reed. I am always glad to hear from you jolly sailor boys, especially when you are sailing merrily over the bounding prairies and sage brush oceans of Eastern Washington. You do not tell us Reed how many years you have sailed the briny deep. Judging from your age you must have had time at least to sail across one river, or waded a couple of creeks. I am quite a sea-faring man myself, and if I had not piloted Columbus over here, America would never have been discovered. I shall never forget that immortal trip in 1492. We were pretty nearly starving, but as light as we were at our last gasp, the wind came in light "puffs," we ate the puffs and they were dead, then we struck a "choppy" sea, and I discovered the main hatchway, but it did not contain any eggs, and gee, Columbus was mad, but Uncle Charlie rose

to the occasion as usual, and I made the ship "lay too." We used to travel about twenty knots a day, and Columbus and I would stay up at night, and he used to "spin a yarn" while I untied the twenty "knots." When we came to America, Columbus and I had a fight. He wanted me to stop at the Harbor Bar, but I told him I was strictly prohibition, and I just would not do it. Columbus ordered me to weigh the anchor, but we only had fish scales and they were not big enough. When we were coming over we met Neptune, king of the ocean. I said, "Who are you?" He said, "Neptune." I said, "What tune?" He said, "Neptune." I said, "Neptune, that's a new tune on me. Will you please whistle it?" Just as we got to the American coast, some heavy swells came on board, most of them had a tide on. Columbus asked me to steer the ship, so I steered it to Texas, that was the first Texas steer that ever came to this country. You may think you are something of a sea-faring man Reed. I would like to have seen you aboard that china-eyed cayuse, but you made a great mistake trying to get aboard the main deck of one of these critters. What you should have done was to have got a seat inside. I will not charge you anything for this advice. I should like to see you fixing up your hair with a sage brush before you go out to see the girls. I hope you will not get seasick in all those irrigation ditches they have got in Eastern Washington. There are some pretty high waves on these at times. I have been shipwrecked in an irrigation ditch more times than I can tell. I started an irrigation company out west some years ago, and got a company interested that put a million in it. We had a wonderful ditch and two pints of water. The only trouble was, one night our cat got loose and drank the water, and the company went broke.

HOWERSVILLE, GA., Feb. 24, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As I have not seen any letters from this section of the country, I will write a short one with the hope of seeing this in print. I am the son of a merchant fifteen years old. I have black hair, brown eyes, and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. I go to school and like it fine. In the summer months we play ball, which is our chief game. The country here is very level. The soil is best suited to cotton. I have been a reader of COMFORT for quiet a while, and it is the best paper published. I am always anxious to get it. I would be glad to correspond with any of the cousins, boys and girls.
HOMER M. GAINES.

Glad to hear from you Homer, and am so pleased to find you get so much enjoyment out of good old COMFORT. I cannot however quite understand when in one part of your letter you say you are the son of a merchant fifteen years old. If that is the case how is it you are able to write such an admirable letter? I know Georgia is a wonderful state, a state in which they do some very remarkable things, but I did not think they had any fifteen-year-old merchants with grown-up sons who could pen letters in fairly good English. Surely you must have made some mistake in the age of your mother's parent. In fact it is quite apparent that you have. It is a fact that your dad is only fifteen years of age, I must certainly congratulate him on having such a bright son at such an early age.

You say you have been a reader of COMFORT for "quiet" a while. I quite agree with you that it is best to be quiet while you are reading, but hope you are not quiet all the while. Billy the Boat says you mean quite, but I will not have a goat contradict a young gentleman, especially one whose male parent has reached the patriarchal age of fifteen. I am sure Homer that you will get any number of letters from the cousins. Next time you write tell us how the prohibition law is working in Georgia. We are all interested in that.

DUBACK, LA., March 3, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

This is my third letter, but I have not saw any of mine in print. I am a Louisiana boy, fourteen years old, four feet four inches tall, weigh ninety-four pounds, black hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. Duback is situated on the C. E. I. & P. R. R., in the northern portion of Lincoln parish. How many cousins like school? I do. We have a nice public school here, have four teachers. Did any of the cousins ever go out west? I have. We moved out there in the winter of 1899. I sure did like it there. Uncle did you ever catch a jack-rabbit? I caught lots of them while I stayed in Oklahoma. It would tickle you to see three or four greyhounds chasing a jack rabbit, and hear the wolves howl. Uncle don't you think it a disgrace to the Priglim Fathers to see a young man smoking a cigarette, and worst of all to see a young woman smoking one? It is killing them besides putting an ocean of shame between them and their friends. Well, I will close with love and best wishes. Your nephew,
HERBERT FARLEY (No. 21,745).

Herbert, we do not allow anyone to "saw" letters in print, as it would spoil the type. I suppose it is necessary to chase jack rabbits, and lots of fun for the dogs, but I doubt if the rabbit gets much enjoyment out of it. If rabbits are caught for food, and not chased for the mere fun of it, I don't suppose I can raise any objections. Rabbits are such gentle, pretty things, it does seem rather hard to kill them. I don't know whether cigarette smoking is a disgrace to the "Priglim Fathers" or not, as I never saw any "Priglim Fathers," and I don't know what they are. My dictionary says that farther means beyond or at a greater distance, but I am inclined to think you mean fathers not farther, so that brings us down to the Priglim Fathers, and who the deuce they were, I don't know. I had a father myself, but whether he was a Priglim or just an ordinary father, I would not like to say. Whether the Priglim Fathers had any objection to cigarette smoking or not I cannot tell as I have never met the gentlemen, the pleasure of their society having been denied me. Should I in my travels meet the Priglim Fathers, I will ask them what their ideas are about cigarette smoking. If they condemn it I will shake hands with them, if they uphold it I will knock their blocks off. I am one of the original Priglim Fathers myself, having made a good many pilgrimages in my time. I remember carrying my trunk on the railroad track from Toronto to Montreal. That is why they christened it the Grand Trunk Railroad. I had been out with an opera company, playing a solo on a big drum. You will wonder if I was a success as a drum artist. Yes, I was a great success. I had to beat it home. I have had some other pilgrimages, but I will not discuss them here. I will however say, that whether the Priglim Fathers do, or do not, object to cigarette smoking, that I certainly do. If a man could confine himself to four or five cigarettes a day, no harm would come of it, but it seems to get to be a disease with some people, especially cheap skates who think they are the whole cheese when they have a smoke stick in their mouths. It is largely the fault of parents if their boys smoke. You can quickly tell a cigarette smoker, he soon becomes a nervous wreck. Tobacco stains are on his fingers, and the odor of tobacco is on his breath. When you find your boy smoking, explain to him kindly what will happen to him if the habit is persisted in. Ask him for his own sake and yours to give it up. Make him promise to do so. If he breaks this promise and persists in the habit, it is up to you to do one of two things. Stand idly by and see him go to the nutty house or the graveyard, or get a fence rail and club the habit out of him, and club some good horse sense into him. Let him know that that licking hurts you as much as it hurts him, but you had better have a well licked, well thrashed boy living, than a cigarette fiend dead. As regards cigarette smoking for women. Some boys think it

SUNSHINE FOR THE SHUT-INS. Read our Publisher's letter on page 2.

is rather chic to see their girl friends smoke. Let me ask you boys one question. What would you think of your mother if you saw her smoking? It would cut you to the heart. Very well, boys, as that is the case do not ask your girl friends to smoke, for they will be the mothers of the future generations, and we need good strong

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

ONLY A GIRL Or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a fly cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I wish my life was good more than anything else," Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanwix is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man, Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. His social position is higher. He marries and exacts an oath that she keep his identity a secret, and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes a marriage of convenience with Alida Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge he deserts his first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. Dave Lane, believing him to be a masquerade, points out Alice Straight. As Everton grasps Madge, Dave Lane deals him a blow, and Madge seizing the shears severs Alice's hair, and she is saved. Shirley sees the resemblance to his father in Madge, and explains why he prevents her going to Alice. Ralph Straight appears and demands an explanation from the millionaire. Madge knows where she hears the name of Everton. In her mother's last sickness she calls, "Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery, and Everton laughs uneasily.

He is visited by Richard Harold. For one million dollars he agrees to bring proof of Madge Mason's death. She is beguiled by a scheming woman, and under pretenses, as a favored guest to a dinner, enters her carriage. A peculiar odor overpowers Madge, and she becomes unconscious. As the woman descends from her carriage she is confronted by Johnny Brownlow. He recognizes Madge Mason who is carried in by the coachman. Madge awakens in a luxuriously furnished room. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She admits to Madge she gets her there for a young man who loves her. Mrs. Fairleigh prevents Madge leaving the room. Richard Harold enters. His intention is to force Madge into a marriage. If she becomes his wife every luxury she desires is hers. Harold talks with Mrs. Fairleigh. Leave all to her and the Everton millions will be divided between them. When she is acknowledged as Shirley Everton's wife she shares the estate evenly. The only one to interfere is Stanwix, an escaped prisoner. Dave Lane is employed by Mrs. Fairleigh. The bell rings and he admits Mr. Harold, who is closeted with Mrs. Fairleigh. He takes two vials from his pocket. She may want to bring Madge back to life again. Harold enters Madge's room. She insists upon being released. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She keeps between them and forbids him to annoy her any further. Madge can go. Before they part they will say their adieu over a bottle of wine. Mrs. Fairleigh engages the girl's attention and Harold pours the contents of a vial into one of the glasses. Dave witnesses the act and changes the glasses. Harold takes the one intended for Madge. The glass drops from his hand and he calls for the antidote. Dave helps Madge make her escape. Harold recovers. In a few days he will see Mrs. Fairleigh mistress of the Everton fortune. She visits Shirley Everton and will present indisputable proofs that she was his father's first wife.

Shirley Everton introduces his aunt, Mrs. Stafford Everton. Mrs. Fairleigh consents to this arrangement requested by Shirley and agreed to through her lawyer. Shirley's suspicions are strengthened when the supposed aunt fails to recognize his father's portrait. Mrs. Stafford Everton receives a caller and he reminds her he is known as Stanwix. Removing a wig she falls in a faint. Ralph suggests a better position for Madge, who is disappointed when she learns it will take her out of the bindery and away from Ralph. Madge goes next morning to the leather department of Smith & Smith's. The saleswomen annoy her by alluding to her former life. Mr. Adams, the floor-walker, defends her. Mrs. Fairleigh recognizes her former husband, Jerome Hurley, in Stanwix. He confesses he received the wedding certificate from Mrs. Mason and entrusted it to Richard Harold. He demands one half the estate.

It is closing time at Smith & Smith's. A shabbily dressed woman declares her pocket-book is stolen and accuses Madge of the crime. Mrs. Moore thrusts her hand in Madge's pocket and produces the purse. The woman demands the girl's instant arrest.

Mr. Smith allows Madge to tell her story. Mr. Sharpe, a detective proves there is a plot to ruin Madge. Mr. Smith makes a proposal of marriage. Madge refuses. Her position becomes less agreeable and she resigns. Mrs. Fairleigh meets Jerome Hurley and gives him a roll of bills. Hurley orders champagne. A white powder falls into Hurley's glass. He raises the wine to his lips. The glass drops from his hands. He detects his wife's duplicity. She invites him to ride in her carriage. There is a flash of steel and Jerome Hurley falls senseless to the floor. Mrs. Fairleigh secures the thousand dollars and noiselessly escapes from the carriage. Day after day passes and there is no account of the tragedy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A NEW CHANCE.

THE struggles of a young girl to obtain a respectable livelihood in a great city like New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, can only be appreciated by those who have undergone the experience or who have closely studied the matter from close observation.

Madge Mason had plenty of pluck and self-reliance, but when she found herself forced to give up her good position at Smith & Smith's, felt a sinking of the heart that was something almost new in her experience.

"I don't know but I ought to have kept on selling papers, after all," she said to Alice Straight. "I don't seem to be good for anything else."

"Nonsense!" laughed Alice.

"No, it isn't nonsense," persisted Madge, soberly.

"Yes, it is. You got along splendidly at the bindery, and could have kept the position until now; and as for the other place, it was not your fault that you lost it."

But Madge had the "blues," and would not be comforted.

Alice was anxious to cheer her up, so she said:

"See here! You want a new place?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, I'll try to find one for you."

"You Alice?"

"Yes, I."

"Is there another chance at the bindery?"

"Not that I know of."

Madge's countenance fell.

"What do you mean, then?"

"I'll tell you; you have often said that I was a mascot."

"Yes," said Madge, gratefully. "I'm sure you have always brought good luck to me."

"Well, if I have I'll see if I can't do it again."

"How?"

Alice picked up the morning paper.

"I'll show you. I turn to the Help Wanted—Females' column."

And she did so.

Madge watched her with interest.

"What next?" she asked.

"I'll show you. I take a pin in my hand—thus. Now I close my eyes, and stick the pin in the paper. It's done! Now whatever advertisement that pin has penetrated is the one for you to answer; and take my word as a mascot for it, you'll get a good place."

Both the girls were now laughing, and Madge leaned over Alice's shoulder to see what advertisement the pin had gone through.

The eyes of both girls rested upon it at the same time.

Instantly Alice's face grew grave.

"Oh, that would never do," she said hastily.

"Why not?" asked Madge, a little defiantly.

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he was one of the best-hearted, kindest men I ever knew, and never lost a chance to do a charitable act."

"Theatrical people are celebrated for their generosity if not always for their shrewdness and economy," said Ralph.

"That may be," interrupted Alice, impatiently, "but what do you think of the idea of Madge going on the stage?"

"Oh, I do not see any particular harm in it," said Ralph, providing the piece and the theater are respectable. She might try the experiment."

Alice was shocked.

"...brother!" she exclaimed.

"Don't look so horrified," smiled Ralph. "Let Madge try the experiment, as I say. I am willing to trust to her good sense and integrity."

Madge gave him a grateful look.

"I've got to make a living somehow," she said, "and perhaps this may turn out to be just the thing. I don't think I shall come to any harm. I don't believe the life can be worse than that I led when I sold papers on Park Row. I shall do nothing that you, my friends, advise against."

The matter was thoroughly discussed before the trio separated, and it was decided that Madge should make application for one of the vacant positions the following morning.

It was not without misgivings that she started on her errand, and the nearer she got to the agent's office the less sanguine she felt as to her success in the new field she was about to attempt to enter.

She felt a very strong inclination to return home, but she checked it.

"No," she said, "I won't back out. What is there to be afraid of after all?"

She paused in front of a building upon which was a sign bearing the words:

"J. WATTLES' DRAMATIC AGENCY."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DRAMATIC AGENCY.

It was a tall, dingy-looking brick building of not very prepossessing appearance. Once it had been a private residence, but it had long ago passed out of that state of existence, and was now an "office building." The office of the dramatic agency proved to be a big, square room furnished with a couple of rather rickety-looking desks and a few chairs. The walls were covered with pictures of actors, actresses and singers, playbills, posters, etc.

The only inmate of the room was a short, stout, dark-complexioned man with a heavy, black mustache, who gazed admiringly at Madge's pretty face as she entered and said:

"What can I do for you, miss?"

An Offer to Old Subscribers Only

Although the subscription price of COMFORT went up to 20 cents a year or 50 cents for three years on the first day of May, OLD SUBSCRIBERS may still renew their subscriptions at the old bargain rate of 25 cents for two years.

THIS PRIVILEGE IS LIMITED strictly to renewals or extensions of old subscriptions.

Every old subscriber who has not secured a two-year's renewal of his or her subscription since the first day of last October will find it advantageous to do so at once, at 25 cents for two years.

If you do it now, before July first, and send 20 cents more for a new one-year subscription, 45 cents in all, for your two-year's renewal, and the new one-year subscription, we will send you free, postage prepaid, your choice of either of the exquisite laces or shell finish combs illustrated in our May number.

DO IT NOW, WHILE THEY LAST.

Let the other fellow do the waiting—YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO.

February first we announced an advance in our subscription price to 20 cents a year to take effect April first.

April first, in response to urgent requests of our subscription club-raisers we extended the time to May first.

May first the price was advanced as stated, but during May we permitted our old subscribers to renew for two years at 25 cents and to take only one new two-year's subscription at 25 cents on special subscription blanks.

On and after June first we take no new subscription for less than 20 cents a year or 50 cents for three years, but we still favor our old subscribers with the old two year rate for RENEWAL OR EXTENSION OF THEIR OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY.

Soon even our old subscribers will have to pay the advanced rate for renewal of their subscriptions.

Avail yourself of the present opportunity by which for 25 cents you may RENEW YOUR EXPIRED OR EXPIRING SUBSCRIPTION two years, or EXTEND YOUR PRESENT SUBSCRIPTION two years beyond date of future expiration, provided your present subscription expires before April, 1909.

WE ARE SURPRISED, that in spite of our many and repeated notices and warnings, so many subscribers write us that they did not know their subscription had run out until they were made painfully aware of this fact by not receiving COMFORT that month. Then they hurry in their renewals and ask us to send them the back numbers which they have missed. And usually they have to keep on missing that particular back number because we only print enough papers to supply our live subscriptions.

DON'T WAIT FOR THAT KIND OF A REMINDER.

IF IN DOUBT RENEW NOW.

The only safe way is to renew in advance.

Renew two years in advance now, and we will date your subscription ahead. It will save you money and bother and is the only sure way not to miss a number of COMFORT and a part of the interesting serial stories now running.

Send in a new one-year subscription at 20 cents with your renewal and name your premium laces or comb.

P. S. Wrap your money securely in paper and tie it between two pieces of cardboard before putting it in the envelope. Old subscribers may still use the envelope folder subscription blanks for renewal of their own subscription only.

"Why, it's—it's hardly respectable, you know."

This was the advertisement:

"WANTED—Twelve young ladies as supernumeraries in a play about to be produced at a leading New York theater. Must be intelligent and prepossessing. Apply at once, Wattles' Dramatic Agency, No.—th Avenue."

"Hardly respectable!" repeated Madge. "I don't understand why it isn't respectable."

"Why—why?" hesitated Alice, "the stage isn't considered exactly respectable, I think. That is, it's not just the best place for a young girl to make a living."

"Perhaps you don't think I'm intelligent and prepossessing enough," said Madge, a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, it's not that," said the literal Alice; "but you—you wouldn't think of answering the advertisement, would you?"

"Certainly I would, and do," replied Madge. "It was your selection, you know."

"Yes, but I didn't see it or I shouldn't have selected it," said Alice, now quite distressed.

"Well, you did select it, and I'm going to follow your advice."

"Well," said Alice, with a sigh of relief at the thought, "it's too late to go tonight, and the chances are that in the morning the positions will be filled."

The conversation between the two girls, we should say, took place late in the evening in the sitting-room in the flat.

Mrs. Straight had retired with a headache, and Ralph had gone out for the evening.

"No, the positions won't be filled," laughed Madge whose natural good humor was now returning. "I have more faith in your ability as a mascot than to believe that. You said I would get a good position through that advertisement, and so I shall."

Alice was now a good deal distressed.

"You really wouldn't do such a thing?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I would."

"What! actually appear in public on the stage?"

"Why not?"

"Why, Madge, you astonish me!"

"Why does she astonish you, Alice?"

This question was asked by Ralph Straight, who had entered unperceived.

Both girls started as they heard his voice, and Madge's face crimsoned.

"How long have you been listening, sir?" asked Alice severely.

"Only a moment, but long enough to get an idea of what you are talking about. But, Madge, what has put the idea of going upon the stage into your head?"

Madge showed him the advertisement and repeated in substance the conversation that we have just given.

"I don't see anything so very dreadful in the idea," she said in conclusion. "I once knew an actor who lived in Cherry street when I used to sell papers, and though he was very ill and poor,

"Is Mr. Wattles in?" asked Madge timidly.

"He is."

"Can I see him?"

"You are gazing upon him now, my dear," replied the short, stout man with what he intended to be a fascinating smile.

Madge recoiled as he approached her, and a flush of indignation mounted to her brow.

She was not aware that "my dear," was merely a stock phrase in the theatrical profession and was so commonly used that it had ceased to be looked upon as a term of endearment, and, indeed, had no special significance.

"My name is Madge Mason, sir," she said, in as freezing tones as she could command.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mason," said Mr. Wattles in a half-laughing tone. "It is evident that you don't belong to the profesh."

"To the what?" asked Madge in bewilderment.

"The profesh—the theatrical profession."

"Oh, I see," and her heroine blushed a little at what she considered her stupidity. "That is what I called to see you about, Mr. Wattles."

"Ah! a debutant!" exclaimed Mr. Wattles. Madge did not know what a debutante was, so she made no reply.

"Well, what can I do for you?" went on Mr. Wattles affably.

"I have called in answer to an advertisement in one of the morning papers yesterday," said Madge.

"Oh," said Mr. Wattles, "you're 'way too late.' Madge's countenance fell.

"All the places are taken?" she asked.

"Yes; and if there'd been four or five gross of 'em, instead of only one dozen, they'd have been taken. Why, we had a line of young ladies nearly three blocks long, and we took our pick of 'em."

This may have been a slight exaggeration on Mr. Wattles' part, but Madge believed it.

"Then I may as well go," she said sadly as she turned toward the door.

"Hold on a minute," said the agent. "Maybe I can do something for you."

Madge's face brightened.

"Do you really think you can, sir?"

"Maybe I can. What do you want to go on the stage for?"

"For cash," replied Madge with a touch of the audacity she had acquired during the days when she sold papers for a living.

This reply seemed to amuse Mr. Wattles a good deal, and he laughed heartily.

"Then he said:

"That's not bad. Well, suppose I ask you a few questions about yourself and see if I think you'll do."

"

Box 651 AUGUSTA, MAINE

The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

or,

The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

Copyright, 1907, Ida M. Black.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young girl and a handsome man, in the uniform of an American officer, stand beside a dying man. The priest bends nearer to catch the faltering words, "Forever till Death." The dying man exacts a promise that the husband will take his bride away from his enemies and hers. "She is safe as my shadow," comes the reluctant answer. The father places a package in the husband's hands. "Swear to me, to keep it seven years for your wife." A soldier's word is the pledge, and with the sign of the cross the old Spaniard dies.

Seven years later a stranger asks directions to the home of Dr. Morosini. "Is the gentleman a-comin' too?" His tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders. He dogs the man's steps on the steamer, at the hotel, and the stranger is unconscious that the little guide is his protector. Dr. Morosini gives Ross Delmore a hearty welcome, and reminds Ross that he does not ask for his wife. Seven years before he consigns his child wife to his idol crumble into dust. He goes to Mexico a reckless man. Receiving a severe wound he is nursed by an old Spaniard, Don Jose. He has possession of a secret that will bring untold wealth. Ross sees someone at the window. The dog growls. He resumes his story. For six weeks he lays helpless with Don Jose's little daughter as nurse. He hears the child pray in simple faith for the life of the American. She softens him, and as a child he learns to love her. Don Jose is taken suddenly ill, and Ross Delmore promising to defend his child the old man misunderstands him and insists upon a marriage, which Ross is too bewildered to oppose. Claude rallies Ross has a wife he does not want and he must have a child, either take her to his heart and home or else let the law set her free. The old love is dead, but if she can come to the old man, brighten the years that are left he will welcome her and cherish her as tenderly as a husband can. If she shrinks she shall be free. The dog moves uneasily. The doctor makes a spring and grapples with the throat. The great bell in the tower tolls the noonday Angelus. The center of a small group is a little maiden with wonderful beauty. She wears a ring with the Spanish inscription, "Forever till Death." The good nurse keeps the secret of Inez Fernandez's marriage. The "Recluse" is the object of much discussion. She asks to speak to Inez. The girl shrinks. She should no longer be a child, and the nun glances at Inez's ring. The wife of a brave man must be brave. His life hangs by a thread. Inez must save him. The package is more dangerous than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that was fatal to her father's life. His dying breath tries to save her. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. The Recluse is done with life and only lives to see wrongs righted. Dr. Morosini calls for Inez. The Recluse starts violently. Her husband is at the lodge. It's a woman's privilege to choose her own husband. The law recognizes the fact. She sends her ring to her husband. "No law can sever the tie that binds."

Major Delmore drives slowly in the direction of Mount Darcy. His meditations are interrupted. A note is passed him. His life is in danger. "By the memory of the dead past, beware!" The major's horse is stopped. He jumps from the carriage. He is gagged and bound.

A happy group gather in Mrs. Morosini's cheerful parlor. There is the sound of wheels. The doctor opens the door to welcome Ross and his bride. The carriage is empty. The doctor discovers a slip of paper torn by a dagger and the words, "By the law of night." It means cold-blooded murder, and the doctor drives furiously toward town. Inez waits patiently for the coming of her husband. The Recluse is called away suddenly. A close carriage thunders beneath the stone arch. Sister Bernice places in Inez's hands a silver cross with the inscription, "Faithful Unto Death." Her husband awaits her in the parlor. Dr. Morosini confides his suspicions to Frank Braddon who is in love with Marion Morosini.

Inez meets her husband. The greeting is not as she expects. The Recluse is called away. The mask is thrown off and Inez recognizes her Uncle Sebastian. Why has he deceived her so—where is her husband—why is she torn from her friends. Her husband removed he becomes her guardian. He conducts her to her chamber, closes and locks an outer door, then she knows no more. Sebastian Del Puente enters the room. Has she love for the wife of Ross Delmore? Sebastian leaves his wife; he goes to a cave where Ross Delmore is bound hand and foot. Alina follows. In six hours the rising water will do its deadly work. Alina hurries home. Her husband returns. He takes refreshments. There is drowsiness and a sarging in his brain. Ross Delmore hears the sound of ears. The ropes that bind him. He appears as a retired sea captain.

Frank Braddon returns to the lodge. He listens to Dr. Morosini's "Testimony of the Dagger," and believes that Ross Delmore meets foul play. Patti Murphy in the guise of Bridget O'Reilly goes to Dr. Morosini as a peddler woman. She gives him a note. "It's for doctor's staff." The doctor reads the strange prescription: "The tiger leaves no track in the jungle. Caution is better than courage—wait, watch and hope!" Dr. Morosini recognizes Ross Delmore's handwriting.

Carlos visits Inez in her prison. Only in his wife can she be free. She refuses. In his anger he leaves her with the doctor's ear. Inez opens it. She flees down the dark corridor and enters a death chamber, secreting herself in an empty coffin, concealed by a pall. She hears her Uncle Sebastian demand of Alina, where the girl is. By all she holds sacred she does not know. He confers with Carlos and gives orders for her detection. Inez is about to rise when someone enters. There is a mild piteous prayer for pardon and the woman, rising from her knees throws back the pall. Inez springs from her hiding place and in the form before her she recognizes the recluse of Mt. Darcy. Alina avoids recognition. She struggles on, a tremor comes over her, her brain whirls, her limbs give way, and she sinks fainting to the ground. Major Delmore, or Captain Winters, walking in the woods discovers Inez, and carries her to a place of safety. She grows delirious from brain fever. Patti Murphy appears; she recognizes the covert enemy, and Ross Delmore looks upon the wreck of his young wife, whose cry is, "I will not—cannot marry him."

It is midnight, Sebastian Del Puente enters the oratory and in his rage demands, "Where is the man you tore from my vengeance, and what of Inez?" He springs upon Alina, and throws her back. She moans feebly. Her servitude is over. Dr. Morosini is called and in the coffin he recognizes the woman who gives all things, even life for love.

CHAPTER XV.

AT BAY.

THE day had come and gone. The alarm of murder rang through the town and village, thrilling even sleepy Milton into horror and indignation. The disappearance of Major Delmore and his wife was again brought forward, and descended upon in the new light thrown upon it by Doctor Morosini's testimony in the public prints.

The cry of public indignation went up against the bold villainy perpetrated in the very midst of a peaceful community, the Argus eye of the law watched every outlet of escape, electric warnings flashed through every part of the country; and still Ross Delmore, buried in the quiet obscurity of Dame Pugh's homestead, was absorbed, heart and mind, in anxiety for his unconscious change, and knew nothing of the events that interested him so greatly.

Even Patti did not hear it, as he was retained by the Major near him, as his services were needed hourly in Dame Pugh's limited establishment.

Three days had passed, and still the murderer eluded the eyes of justice. Doctor Morosini was untiring in the pursuit, urging on the police to new efforts, and offering a large reward for the murderer's capture on his private purse.

The inquest had been held in due form, and the verdict was "death by strangulation at the hands of some person or persons unknown." Coal had not returned since the morning of his flight.

There were rumors that a strange, deformed creature was hiding in the salt marshes near the sea, and many suspected him of being the real murderer.

And where was Sebastian Del Puente? Coal's swift warning had given him no time to escape to the vessel that, manned by a small crew of men as remorseless as himself, waited to convey him and his captive niece far beyond the reach of the law.

Crouching upon a ledge of rock, beyond the reach of the advancing tide, with a new pallor upon his face, a sullen fire in his eyes, he lay hidden in the same cavern in which he had doomed his noble victim to a fearful death.

Well might the place be filled with horrors for him. The air seemed foul as that of a charnel house, the slimy touch of the rock to which he clung felt like the cold clasp of a dead hand, the darkness was peopled with avenging phantoms.

Carlos had deserted him in his hour of need. His own son had turned against him, had fed, and was in safety, while he—he could not fly! His limbs seemed palsied, his brain torpid.

"There is a spell upon me," he muttered. "Yes, I knew it, I felt, if I raised my hand against her, it would fall blighted at my side, and yet—what was it she said? She scorned me, she loathed me, lived with me only to undo my work. And I believed in her, I feared her, she was not like a woman. Let me think—he was not dead, she said, she had saved him. Impossible! She lied. She was mad! She drugged me that she might save him—poisoned me! There was poison in her drugs; what else could make me cower and tremble like a craven in the dark? God! How she looked when she fell backwards in the coffin! I see those glazed eyes looking into mine—I feel the chilling clasp of her hand! There was a rattle in her throat—the death rattle! Do we all die like that? Horrible!"

Cold beads of perspiration stood upon his brow; his limbs trembled as with ague, the little food that he had snatched to support him in his flight was exhausted. Carlos had left him that morning, swimming boldly from the cave to meet an outward-bound vessel, giving his father hope of aid, and then forgetting all promises in his selfish joy of safety.

"I will not stay here," continued the wretched man rising painfully. "One brave effort for freedom! For light—this darkness stifles me. Take away those glazed eyes! I saved you, Alina—"

A piercing cry interrupted him; the underground concealing the upper part of the cave was thrust aside, and a dark, shapeless mass rolled down to his feet.

The next moment the long, sine y-arms of the dwarf were twisted around his neck, his misshapen limbs about his waist, and cry after cry resounded through the cave, and was echoed without.

"D n with the murderer! Down with the murderer! We have tracked him to his hole! Unearth him! Shoot him like a dog! If he runs, drive him to the light!"

Sebastian turned, and struggled in the grasp of those terrible limbs, so strong in their distortion, but he struggled in vain. It was Coal's hour of vengeance, and he clung like a panther to his prey.

At length with one mighty effort, Sebastian sprang from the rocky platform, and with Coal still clinging to him, strove to fling himself into the sea.

But a strong grasp was laid upon him, he was drawn back from the merciful waves by an avenging hand.

"Not thus do you escape me!" muttered the deep voice of Doctor Morosini. "Yes villain, look up at me! I know you! In the name of the law I arrest you for a triple murder—a triple crime! Bind him, my men. The dwarf was not trusted in vain, this is the man you seek!"

As the men placed the handcuffs upon their prisoner, Coal relaxed his hold, and fell with a feeble moan, to the ground.

Doctor Morosini sprang to his side, and saw, for the first time, that he was wounded.

Sebastian had thrust his dagger deep into the dwarf's body, while Coal had clung to his throat with a dying hold.

One moment the poor creature writhed in agony, then with the instinct of an animal that would hide its death struggle he rolled over, with a piteous cry, and flung himself into the sea!

It was morning—a bright, bracing morning in October. The pure breeze fragrant from its journey through the pine forest, stole into Inez's chamber, bringing new life and vigor on its balmy wings.

The crisis had passed. For nine days Major Delmore had kept faithful watch by his young wife's pillow, while she lay in a heavy stupor, or raved in the pitiful incoherence of delirium.

Through the long nights he would sit by her bedside, holding the restless hands with gentle violence, and listened with an aching heart to the feeble cry, repeated again and again—"Let me fly before he returns—let me fly! I cannot marry him!"

She mentioned no names that could deceive him, the one great terror from which she had fled seemed to monopolize all her thoughts—the marriage that would be hateful and unholy.

What wonder that the listener, unconscious of her uncle's wicked schemes, unconscious even of the relationship existing between his wife and his enemy, should apply those wild entreaties to himself, and resolve to free the beautiful young creature from a tie that seemed, in her eyes, a weary, sickening bondage.

"It should never be." A hundred times the major swore it to himself. Lately with a dull, strange pain in his heart. He was dead—dead in the eyes of justice and vengeance, in the eyes of friendship and love!

For we papers with their detailed accounts of the murder and capture, had reached him at last, and he had read of his own death, of the cloak found in the seaside cavern, the murderer's triumphant assertion that "the waters had swept his victim from his path," the emotion that had called the tears into the eyes of Doctor Morosini, as he gave his testimony in the open court, and called upon justice to avenge the murder "of the noblest and best of men."

"I am dead," said Captain Winters. "That fear of Claude Morosini is the only thing that my life will cost. What will my death be worth? Freedom, happiness to Inez. I will be dead, that she may live—forever dead."

An hour later he entered Inez's chamber. His dark countenance was grave, but gentle, and the smile with which he greeted her had a tender sadness that his cheerful tones could not conceal.

"Our little broken-winged bird will soon be ready for flight again," he said, taking one of her slender hands in his.

Inez looked up at him with a grateful smile, and raising her beautiful eyes to the gray-haired stranger, she thanked him in broken accents for her life.

"No, no!" interrupted the captain, hastily. "You have nothing for which to thank me, my child. When you think of the old man, my dear, let it be as the child thinks of the father whose care is a duty, whose love is her right."

"You have been more than a father to me," said Inez, pressing the hand she held to her lips, in her pretty, foreign fashion. "You think that I don't remember all that you have done for me; but I feel, I know it—and I will love you and bless you to my dying day!"

Captain Winters stroked the dark hair tenderly. "I have done as you wished—sent a messenger to Doctor Morosini, your guardian, he will be here this morning, perhaps. My messenger has not yet returned."

"He will come with him, and I will be safe again, safe in my guardian's care. You do not know—I cannot tell you all the danger, all the sorrow that I have escaped. You would think that I was raving still."

"You must tell me nothing," said the captain—the new pain in his heart warned him, he could not bear her artless revelations—"you must keep very quiet, no excitement, remember!"

"Yes, I am quiet, only I must see my guardian."

"You forget," said the captain, slowly, "you forget that when I found you in the forest you could not tell who you were, or where your friends were."

"Yes, yes," said Inez, with a shudder. "Do not let us talk about that dreadful forest, I was fleeing from my enemies, from death, from a life worse than death!"

"Hush!" said the captain, soothingly. "You must not excite yourself. Here's Dame Pugh with your broth. Let me see how many spoonfuls you can sip this morning?"

He took the bowl from the old woman's hand, and fed Inez, as if she were a helpless babe. He watched her with a wistful tenderness in his dark eyes, such as had never beamed from them before.

No never before. He had truly said to Doctor Morosini that the wild passionate love of his youth, was such as a passionate nature like his could feel but once.

The tenderness he felt for the beautiful being he had nursed back to life, this yearning for the blessing that was his right, this love born in charity, and grown in sacrifice, was something different. He felt that he must leave her at once.

"And now since you are getting well so fast, the old nurse must say good by."

"You—you are not going away?" faltered Inez. "Going away? Ah, my little bird, I should have gone long ago. I must go today—this morning."

"Oh, no, no, no," pleaded Inez. "Not till you have seen your friends, not until my guardian has thanked you."

"Tut, tut!" interrupted the captain, shortly. "I want no thanks. I must go, business, necessity compels me. It is hard to part with you, my child," his tone changing to thrilling tenderness, "harder than you can ever guess. Do not make it too hard, Inez."

"You know best," she whispered gently, "but, but—"

The tears stopped her utterance, in her weakness and sorrow she wept like a child. "My God! this tries me," he muttered to himself, as he clenched his teeth to keep back the words that sprang to his lips—words that would have betrayed all, "Inez," he continued, in a strange, harsh tone, "I cannot bear this, child! Have pity upon the old man. Look up, and say good by. I must go, Inez."

She lifted her arms, and twined them tenderly about his neck. She pressed kiss after kiss upon his dark cheek, she clung to him, he felt it—as a child clings to her father.

"And will you come again?" she whispered. "When you bid me to a wedding, Inez," he said, with a sad smile, "then I will come again. There!" he tore off a leaf from a memorandum book, and scribbled an address upon it. "A year from now, if I am alive, I will be there, Inez. I will be here from you there."

"But a year—a year is so long!" she faltered. "Not too long!" he repeated, "not too long to forget. Good by! Think of the old man sometimes, for he loved you—loved you as his own!"

He bent down and kissed her brow tenderly, and was gone—out into the autumn sunlight, beneath the dying leaves, again alone!

When he reached the little wicker gate, he turned and looked back, and saw her standing at the window, with the golden sunlight making an aureole around her gently bent head, bent now in a wordless prayer for him who had gone out of her life. Her splendid eyes followed him, as if the sole light of her life were passing away forever; and with a heavy sigh, he hurried on, realizing all the mournful burden of that word "Alone."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONFESSION.

Captain Winters struck a wooded path that would lead to the station. He dared not meet Doctor Morosini, he felt that the keen eyes of his friend would penetrate his disguise. A train thundered up a few moments after he reached the station, and by the time he reached the town, he was himself again. Drawing his broad-brimmed hat forward, as if to screen his eyes, the pretended sailor turned towards the wharves. A steamship was to sail on the morrow. He engaged his passage, booking "Captain Winters and servant" on the list.

"It is almost time for Patti to arrive," he said, taking out his watch, impatiently. "I think I can trust him. He may tell with safety all he knows of Major Delmore, he will be silent about Captain Winters. For her sake I must act this living lie."

He bent his steps now towards a different portion of the city. A strange fascination seemed to draw him toward the prison. He could not resist it. He rang the bell at the iron-barred door, and asked for permission to see Sebastian Del Puente.

"Are you a relative, sir?" asked the jailer, in surprise, for this was the first voice that had asked for the criminal.

"No, no," replied the captain, hastily. "I am a stranger here, but I have traveled far—I have been in this unfortunate man's country—I can speak his language—I came only in charity to him."

"I will get permission, if possible, for you, sir," said the man, showing the stranger into a neat waiting-room. "God knows he needs someone to speak to him charitably."

The kind-hearted jailer left, and soon returned with the desired permission.

"I'm to stay in the room, sir, but if you talk his own lingo, it will make no difference."

He took up a heavy bunch of keys, and led the way through the long gloomy corridors to the cell of the condemned man. It was a small room, but airy and comfortable. Seated upon his iron bedstead, his face resting upon his hands—his

wild, bloodshot eyes glaring from beneath a mat of tangled hair—his once rich apparel stained and disordered—was Sebastian Del Puente, the tyrant, the oppressor, the relentless evil-doer, helpless and disarmed at last.

Captain Winters paused at the threshold, as the jailer announced him.

The murderer raised his bloodshot eyes, and met the clear, full, pitying gaze of his victim! He knew him. He sprang to his feet with an oath, then dropped as if paralyzed, upon the couch again.

No veil could hide, no disguise conceal, the identity of Ross Delmore from Sebastian Del Puente.

It was the grave, clear tone of Captain Winters that broke the silence. He spoke in the musical language of Castile.

"You are a stranger—a stranger doomed to a dreadful fate. I have come to you in pity, in mercy only. Is there aught that I can do for you? You know me? Yes, I come as one from the dead, not in vengeance, but in pity and pardon."

"Are you dead or living?" asked the prisoner, hoarsely. "Did she lie when she said that she saved you? Can the sea give up its prey?"

"Yes," said the captain, solemnly, "at the voice of God. Wretched man, what had I done that you should take my life? For it is gone—gone from me as utterly as if I still lay beneath the waves in the death to which you doomed me? What had I done to you and yours?"

"What had you done?" The Spaniard's white teeth glittered through his parted lips. "Torn the prize from my grasp—rent the heritage from my hands—stole the bride from my son! Where is she? Where is your bride?"

"I have no bride," was the sad reply. "Did I not say that Ross Delmore was among the dead? His bride is widowed. I am Captain Winters."

"What do you mean?" was the fierce question. "Dead or living, you are Ross Delmore."

"Listen," said his visitor, gravely; "there are eyes upon you, listen quietly. Whatever vengeance you wished to work upon Ross Delmore is completed. He has passed out of this world utterly, completely. The man who speaks to you will never revenge his wrongs, bear his title, claim his rights. Captain Winters leaves America tomorrow, never, perhaps, to set foot in it again."

Sebastian eyed the speaker furtively through his dark lashes. The nobility of that grave countenance, the truth of the clear eye, even, he, debased as he was, could feel the secret purpose of his life, I revealed myself to you as I would do to no other. The doom wrought by my own hand is following in my trail. And I do not regret it. Do I need a sermon, with that looking into my window?" pointing to the gallow's shadow in the yard. "No, you have died in your way, I die in mine. Until evening, then, good by!"

While the captain was with the murderer, Patti was making his way to Doctor Morosini's. The doctor saw him as he made his way quickly to the porch.

"By heavens! It's Patrick Murphy! Where in the name of goodness, have you been, boy? Your testimony would have been of the utmost importance. Why did you run away?"

"It was my father's doings, sir," said Patti. "He bade me and I ran away before he bade me to death."

"But the letter? the letter that you brought poor Major Delmore, who gave it to you? What did you do with it?"

"Faix, sir, the bating I got that evening knocked all recollections out of me intirely; but I believe, I did have a letter for a gentleman, sir."

"And who gave it to you?" asked Lawyer Braddon, who was an interested listener to the conversation.

"The shoemaker. He said it was a bill. And he gave me something for my trouble, and

"The good are better made by ill. As odors crushed are sweeter still."

Read the personal letter by COMFORT'S Publisher, page 2.

Daddy bade me for takin' it so, and I ran away and met my new master. And there ain't his aqual, savin' yer presence. And he sent me to tell you, sir—and Patti raised his voice for a triumphant climax—"that yer ward, Miss Inez, is safe, sir, in Pugh's farmhouse in the valley."

"Inez!" exclaimed both the doctor and Braddon at once. "Who found her?"

"My master found her in the pine woods, when he was takin' a walk, a raving lunatic, sir, as who couldn't tell who she was or where she belonged."

"My God! My poor Inez! How she must have suffered. What is your master's name, boy?"

"Captain Winters, sir."

"I will go with you at once. Come, show me the way to your master's."

"I have an errand in town, but anyone can tell you where Pugh's farm is."

"Will drive you, sir," said Bob, whose curiosity had led him within earshot. "I know the place well."

"All right, I will find your master there," and in a few more minutes the good doctor had his ward clasped in his arms.

"But where is Captain Winters?" asked the doctor, an hour afterwards, when the story of her peril and escape had been briefly gone over, and when Inez had shuddered and wept over the softened details of poor Alina's fate. "Where is this good friend who saved my poor little blossom from an untimely blight?"

"He has gone!" she replied, sadly. "His business called him away. He knew nothing of my history, I was too weak to tell him. He said he would return when I bade him to a wedding. Ah! How could he know that I was a widowed bride?"

The doctor soothed her tenderly. It was imprudent yet to have her moved, so he returned home to send Mrs. Morosini and one of the girls out on the morrow.

Scarcely had he reached his own gate when a horseman dashed up beside him. One whose pale face looked paler than ever.

"Have you been to the prison?" asked Braddon, for it was he.

"No," said the doctor in alarm.

"You have not heard then? He is dead!—the murderer, Sebastian Del Puente, is dead, dead by his own hand!"

"Dead without a sign?" re-echoed the doctor, "without repenting—without confessing?"

"He left a letter, the jailer said, for some strange gentleman, who visited him early in the afternoon, who spoke his own language, and seemed to have made some impression on his heart."

"A stranger?" said the doctor wondering. "And the packet? Did he not reveal his hiding place? The packet of which he robbed Ross Delmore has never been found!"

"I do not know, the jailer found him dead from wounds of a poisoned dagger, which he had managed to conceal about his person, with a letter in his hand directed to 'Captain Winters.'"

"Inez's preserver! There is some strange coincidence. I must and will find out who is this Captain Winters! Tomorrow I will seek him out, and force him to know and be known to me!"

As the doctor's search terminated at the steamship office, the white wing of the "New York" was fading in the horizon, and among its outward passengers, Doctor Morosini read the name of Captain Winters!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Most Important Month of the Year

POUULTY on most farms fare very badly during June, for the men folks wage war on the poor things because they obey their natural instinct to scratch. Even the women folks get angry when the flower beds are destroyed, so the poor chickens get shut up, too often in small quarters and woful neglect, because it is summer, and eggs don't count much. It is strange, but few people outside the large poultry keepers realize that June is one of the most important months in the year. From November until March I am repeatedly asked why pullets or hens don't lay, or what will make them lay. At that time I can rarely remedy the trouble, because nine times out of ten it is the result of blunders made during the preceding summer. Of course I don't believe in sacrificing the garden to the chickens, but I do think they should be properly controlled. A roll of two-inch mesh and wire netting five feet high, costs only about four dollars. At the price of eggs nowadays, a few dozen will pay for it. Posts can be cut in the wood-lot on most farms, so a yard for a good-sized flock can easily be made for less than five dollars. The best plan is to run a division fence down the center, so the birds can be confined in one half alternately, for by such means a supply of green food can be kept growing until frost. The ground should be ploughed, and seeded to rye or oats before the wire is put up. If poultry is to be profitable, the old and young stock is to be kept apart, because it is impossible to feed correctly when they are all together; young birds needing plenty of nutritious food to push them along quickly, and laying hens must be put on special rations to bring about early moulting, which is the foundation of a good winter supply of eggs. About the 5th, commence to cut down the feed gradually, until at the end of two weeks forty hens are only having a pint of oats and a pint of wheat mixed, night and morning. Scatter it amongst cut straw or some litter so they will have to scratch for every grain. Celebrate the Fourth of July by commencing to increase the rations, and keep it up for a week, so that by the 15th they are getting two quarts of mash in the morning; a quart of meat scraps and a pint of cracked corn at noon; wheat and oats or barley at night. Give them just about all they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. The morning mash should be composed of two parts ground feed (corn and oats), one part white middlings and one part oil meal, mixed with scalding milk or water. The semi-starvation followed by the heavy feed forces the moulting season and allows plenty of time to feather out and get into condition before October, when their rations should be made up of the essentials for egg production, which are: Clover hay, bran, wheat, corn, and animal food.

You see it takes about three months for hens to get rid of their old feathers and put on a new coat, and if the process is not forced in some way, it will not commence before August, which would make it November before it finished. Of course that would be time enough if it happened to be a warm, late fall, but if cold winter weather sets in, as it so often does in November, hens would not lay before spring, as moulting leaves them in a more or less debilitated condition.

Lots of people make the mistake of selling hens off as soon as they cease laying at this season, which means that they are usually parting with the birds that would make the real winter layers. Hens that lay through the summer, and don't cease until the fall, will be idle and unprofitable in the winter. It is the general disregard of the moulting period which causes so many failures in the winter supply of eggs. The rule should be to sell off all the hens that have been laying steadily through the summer and commenced to shed feathers in September. Growing feathers is a trying ordeal, and the consequence is that when the hen begins to moult she ceases to lay, for she cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time.

Feathers are composed largely of nitrogen and mineral matter. That is why the food at moulting time has to be so very nutritious. To feed nothing but corn at such a time is simply waste, as the hen cannot produce new feathers from such a diet. Of course if she is on free range, she would have a better chance of gathering the necessary material; but even then, if the feathering process is delayed too long, the hen becomes exhausted, and is susceptible to cold and all sorts of diseases. This is the real reason why roup and swelled head are so prevalent in the fall.

Young birds hatched out in April or thereabouts, usually commence to lay in November, because they have not been subject to the drain upon the constitution caused by moulting. Hut chickens that have been hatched in February or early March are very liable to moult late in the fall, just when they should be commencing to lay. For this reason it is as well to market all the first-hatched chickens, and hold over those hatched late in March and through April, to increase the laying flock.

Correspondence

S. L. C.—Has trouble with young turkeys. Seen all right till one month old. Then they commenced to die. Has opened several, and found the liver covered with whitish spots. Asks what to feed, or what to give them to prevent the trouble.

A.—You should have described your method of feeding, etc. If you look up the recent back numbers of COMFORT, you will find much information about turkeys. The first thing to do is to remove all the affected birds from the flock, as Dr. Smith of the Agricultural Station at Kingston, R. I., says such a condition as you describe is contagious. After segregating the birds, give each a small half-teaspoonful of castor oil, and watch the droppings for worms. Feed plenty of

chopped green onions. Scalded bran, green cut bone and steamed cut clover hay are all good and safe foods for the convalescent birds.

V. D.—My chickens are nice and bright until two weeks old. Then they get a scurf on their heads, look badly and die.

A.—It is quite impossible for me to give really helpful information about sick birds unless correspondents send more details. You don't say if the chicks are in a brooder or under a hen, nor how you feed them. Supposing they are with a hen, I should blame lice for the condition. Powder the hen three times whilst setting, and every week whilst she is brooding chicks.

L. B.—I should like to know very much why my eggs will not hatch. I have the Barred Plymouth Rocks—eleven hens, and one rooster two years old. They are healthy, laying well. I feed them whole and crushed barley, wheat, a few sunflower seeds, oyster shells and scraps. They get all the green they need. They have fifty acres to roam over. First of the year the eggs hatched fine, but since May, out of the eggs I have hatched, there has not been a chicken. The fresh eggs look all right, and the hens seem very healthy.

A.—The sunflower seed and scraps are far too fattening in summer, especially for Plymouth Rocks. Excessive fat may be the cause of the eggs not being fertile, but with a heavy breed like Plymouth Rocks, eleven hens are too many with one rooster. Seven is the usual quantity. Of course, at the beginning of the season, this would not be as perceptible as later. If one male bird is allowed to run with so many hens, you should at least get a new one in the middle of the season.

W. B.—My chickens have not been satisfactory this year at all. The young ones died off as I have never known them to do before, and eggs are not plentiful. Whilst cleaning the chicken house the other day, I noticed small white worms on the dropping boards. Do chickens have worms? Could that be the cause of the trouble? If so, why? What is the cure?

A.—Poultry of all kinds are subject to worms. The usual symptoms are pale comb and wattles, thin body. Remedy: Remove the suspicious birds, and keep them shut in for thirty-six hours in a coop which has the floor made of bed-slats one inch apart, so that all droppings fall through out of the birds' reach, and give no food during the time. Then mix half a teaspoonful of powdered areca nut with four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs; moisten and feed. Examine the droppings to satisfy yourself. Next day give a half teaspoonful of castor oil, and a cure should be effected. For the whole flock, starve twelve hours, then feed chopped garlic.

C. P. M.—I want to ask a few questions about the canoning of roosters. What is the proper age to operate on roosters? (2) What is the best time of year? (3) Should the opening made be sewn up, or how managed? (4) What kind of instrument is necessary to do the work? (5) Do many die if properly operated on?

A.—From eight to twelve weeks. (2) Depends when the bird was hatched. Time of year makes no difference except that February and March birds, operated on in April, would be little expense through the summer if on free range, and sell well at Christmas time. (3) Yes; sew up. Coop and withhold all food for twenty-four hours before operating, then feed lightly for three or four days. They don't seem to feel the operation. (4) A sharp pocket-knife or lancet and a piece of horsehair were used. Now a convenient little instrument is sold for the purpose, and does the work much better. (5) No; not more than one per cent.

P. H. C. wants to know what the trouble is with his chickens. Their legs give away. Notices something like ticks on them, and their droppings seem watery.

A.—I should think from description that your hens were run down by lice. Clean the coops thoroughly, then apply a coat of thick whitewash to every part of which has been added an ounce of crude carbolic acid. Get a good insect powder and dust each bird, holding by the feet, head down, and rubbing it well into the fluffy feathers, thighs and tail. Your feed is all right, if the scraps are free from fat. Do the birds get sufficient lime and grit? If you are doubtful about it, get some old mortar rubbish and scatter it in the yard.

M. M.—How should Pea fowl be handled when about ten months old? Where to keep them during the winter? How long can they be confined? Does it make any difference if my young turkeys are confined till 10 a. m. if the grass is wet? If I feed them grit, onions and bread crumbs, should they have anything else? Can old turkeys sleep outside in winter?

A.—Treat Pea fowl as you do turkeys. No; young turkeys are better in till the grass is dry, no matter what the time is. Yes, you must add some animal food, chopped liver, or meat. In such a severe climate as yours, they should be housed at night. Your letter was too late to be answered in the May issue.

M. H.—My young ducks seem to be unsteady on their legs. There are ten of them which I have hatched out under a hen. They are thoroughbred and I take great care of them. They have a quart of corn meal made into mash night and morning. They are three weeks old.

A.—You are overfeeding. Use a pint of bran and one cup of corn meal; one tablespoonful of bone meal and corn meal and a pinch of salt. If yarded, add vegetables. Three times a week use ground oats instead of corn.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

knobs would tell us through COMFORT, just how peanut butter is made and I would like to hear of some sure cure for head ache, sick or nervous. I would also like a letter party on June 24th. Please let me hear from you all, a post card will do, that day I will be forty-six years old and no grandchild to bless my old age.

Mrs. EFFIE PENICK, Fullerton, R. D. 1, Nebr.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Would you kindly insert the following request in COMFORT?

I would so much like to know if any of the many readers of COMFORT have back numbers of COMFORT for May, October and December all for 1907?

I have all excepting January 1907. I would very much like to have these numbers.

Mrs. THERESA CARLSTEN, 106 S. 1st St., Princeton, Ill.

A Cure for Boils

William Voss, Forestville, N. Y. For boils try this: Take one ounce of shot, any size, boil the shot in one pint of milk, sweet, and when cool drink the milk. I cured myself and son of boils and we have never been troubled since. The remedy was given me by an old lady. Hoping this may help others as well, I remain,

Mrs. M. E. SMITH, Penn Yan, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I ask a favor in behalf of an old German lady of seventy-three. She is lonely and feeble and dearly loves to piece quilts. Will not some of the readers send her silk and velvet pieces, also woolen ones. Let us surprise her June 26, as she will then be seventy-three. Do not expect a reply as she can't write English. Also send her a birthday card on or after that date.

Her address is:

Mrs. AMELIA WOLF, 4856 State St., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

Although I have had COMFORT many years this is my first letter to these columns. Still I do not feel as though I was among strangers, for many of you seem like old acquaintances. I would like to be of more real practical help, and am especially interested in the temperance cause. I

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am glad COMFORT's columns are not disgraced by liquor ads. Dear sisters, now that we are about to elect another President, can we not all influence our husbands, sons and lovers to vote only for some candidate who favors the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. Our W. C. T. U. national president is a Maine woman, and we all should honor her for her leading in this great fight for God and the homes of every land, surely we can all lend our aid to this good cause in this way. May God bless you each and all, is the wish of your sister,

Mrs. A. JOSIE REYNOLDS, 241 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.

"Amid my blessings infinite, stands this foremost, that my heart has bled." Don't fail to read our Publisher's letter on page 2.

DEAR EDITOR:

I would like to receive directions from some of the sisters how to make a leather post card sofa pillow, joining the cards together and the way to lay them.

Mrs. ALEX. S. WALKER, Robinsonville, N. B., Canada.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I am an old lady and not able to do anything but piece quilts and sew, I would appreciate it very much if the sisters of COMFORT would please send me pieces to finish my silk quilt. I have been reading COMFORT for ten years, and like it better than any other paper I have read.

Mrs. J. W. HERSKEY, Box 38, St. Francisville, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you please let a poor sick soul into your hearts and will those of you who have found Jesus and peace through him please write me, for my life is and always has been so hard that I lack faith. I fail to understand why things are as they are, and perhaps it is because I do not look at things in the right way, but I have prayed earnestly and at times I feel near him and I seem to lose him, since my mother died especially, it has been this way as I cannot make it seem right, for she was all I had in this world and I needed her so. You who still have mothers do not know what it is to lose one, nothing comforts me but the thought that she was so good that if there is really a heaven she is there, and if I could only feel that there was a hope of my meeting her there some day. Dear sisters will you pray for me and write to me. I gladly will answer all who inclose stamps.

Your heart-sick sister,

Mrs. ABBIE GRANT, Roscoe, N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS:

Kindly admit one who has long been a silent reader of COMFORT. As this paper goes to so many homes I thought perhaps someone who had suffered in the following way might see my letter. The cords of the body draw tight, especially in the hands so they cannot shut, at first it was thought to have been rheumatism, but there is no pain and damp weather does not affect the condition, the patient also suffers from anemia. If anyone knows of any remedy or cure kindly write and address to P. O. Box 21, Waterville, Oneida Co., N. Y.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am coming to ask a favor. I have a little boy of four, who suffers from enlarged tonsils; can anyone tell me how to cure them. I do not want to have them cut out if there is any other way.

Now as I noticed a request for a remedy for boils, I will send this which is said to be a sure cure. Take a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, put in a glass of water and drink a glassful three or four times a day for a week or two, if necessary.

For Purple Erysipelas

Take half a teaspoonful of unslacked lime, put in a quart bottle and fill up with rain water, if possible, shake well every day and when settled take two tablespoonfuls, three or four times a day. Also wash the spots quite frequently. This is surely good and entirely harmless.

oping I will hear from some of the sisters in regard to my boy's tonsils.

—AS ETTA E. BERTHOLF, Tekoa, R. D. No. 1, Wash.

M. Googhegan. Will you kindly send your remedy for removing wens to Mrs. James A. Wilson, Savannah, R. D. 4, Ill., and also Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Box Springs, R. D. 2, Ga., both of whom are suffering and wish to avoid operations, if possible.

Will Johnnie Schanz's mother please send her address to a COMFORT sister, Mrs. George Schanz, Evangeline, La., who wishes to communicate with her.

Mrs. G. B. Jerome, Modesto, Cal., would like to hear from anyone who has Black Spanish chickens.

Mrs. Addie Tolce, Monticello, Mo., is anxious to secure a copy of an old-fashioned Methodist hymn book which was in use forty-five or fifty years ago.

Mrs. S. M. Lindsay, Big Bay, Mich., a new sister who lives in the woods, many miles from neighbors, would appreciate letters from any of the readers.

Songs Requested

"Dear Heart, we are Growing Old," "Silvery Bella," The German song, "Seven Up," and "Nellie Wildwood," an old song containing these words:

"God bless us everyone, in pleasant homes and far at sea," "California Joe," "The Three Wishes." Song with this chorus:

"Sing me a song of the Sunny South, One with a sweet refrain, Sing me a song of Dixie Land, That I may be happy again."

A Request

I wish to obtain the first chapters of "Lady Isabel's Daughter," the sequel to East Lynn. I do not know in what paper it was begun, but to anyone who will send me the story from the first chapter up to the time of the consolidation of that paper with COMFORT, I will send the first chapters of "A Speckled Bird," "Charlie's Fortune," and other stories now running in COM-

FORT. Or I will return the favor in any other way I can. Send papers direct to Mrs. ADDIE BURKE, Box 54, Iola, Ills.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

To Keep Green Peas

Green peas can be preserved for winter use by partially cooking them, draining in a colander thoroughly, and then turning them on a table covered with several thicknesses of cloth. Leave them there until they are dried thoroughly, then pack in quart jars, and pour an inch of paraffine or clarified mutton suet on top, seal and keep in a cool place.

Mrs. E. S. MASON.

Rhubarb Jelly for Immediate Use

To two and a half pounds of rhubarb stewed in a quart of water until soft, then strained, use one half pound of best lump sugar, and two ounces of gelatin well soaked. Mix all together with the beaten whites of three eggs, strain through a jelly bag and pour into a mold to set.

J. L. LEHNETT.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

I have berries, grapes, peaches and apples two years old, fresh as when picked. Do not heat or cook the fruit, just put it up cold; keeps perfectly fresh and costs almost nothing. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week. As there are many people poor, like myself, I feel it my duty to give you my experience, feeling confident anyone can make \$100 around home in a few days. I will mail bottle of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for 21 2-cent stamps, to cover cost of bottle, fruit, mailing, etc. Address Francis M. Turner, 219 Seventh Avenue, New York. Let people see and taste the fruit and you should sell hundreds of directions at \$1 each.

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Lady Isabel's Daughter

or, For Her Mother's Sin

A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel. Lady Isabel is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." Lady Isabel fails to understand why she cannot speak to her papa about mamma when he overcomes his grief to marry another. If you and papa refuse to explain there are those who will. A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives and she is disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Mavis Vane, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises to blight her every hope in life.

Lady Isabel asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride nor his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleight's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleight, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Lady Rosamond looks with a queer little smile at Isabel. "Is there a certain 'he' in the world?" she asks. Isabel has never spoken to him never heard his voice. Bowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she too should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight, she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lady Rosamond presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and tells her Ravenswood Court will be honored by Lady Isabel's presence. It is a case of woman against woman and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own. Lady Isabel goes home. She wishes to be alone.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulder—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Cambray. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives and a deadly vengeance prompts him to Arleight Towers, where he finds his foe, Lady Rosamond. He knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel, whose ruin is irrevocable.

Lady Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the proud woman's refusal to recognize her and bitter enmity follows.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Dynnelly, attend the opera. In La Sylphide Lady Rosamond recognizes Arleight Towers, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lady Rosamond swoons. Lord Dynnelly's admiration is cooled. Lord Beresford recognizes his former valet, Pierre Bloushar. Fate leads him to the opera. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The last link is found, and the hour that Lady Isabel becomes Lord Beresford's wife sees the vengeance of a lifetime complete.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE OPERA.

LORD BERESFORD'S carriage rolled up to No. 10, Berkeley Square, and her Grace of Arleight with her two beautiful young daughters, alighted, while my lord, unwilling to relinquish his sweet privilege to the very last, assisted Isabel up the marble steps, and under the great stone arch of the doorway.

"I may call tomorrow, may I not?" he pleaded. "Be merciful and grant me that sweet boon, Miss Carlyle. Tonight has been so happy—so unutterably happy—that it will stand out forever in my life. Tell me I may call tomorrow!"

They stood on the threshold of the door. She had given him her hand at parting, and he held it yet.

"I may call tomorrow? It will be torture not to see you. Oh, be merciful, Miss Carlyle, and say I may."

He was looking straight at her, and it was hard to deny him, but harder than all to play fast and loose that she might gratify her pride and exult over his mother, and she let her hand drop that he might not see the flush on her face.

"You may call tomorrow—yes—that is, no, I think not my lord!" she stammered guiltily. "The royal drawing-room comes off in two days, and I shall be busy tomorrow. Thank you for your kindness Lord Beresford. Tonight has been a genuine pleasure."

"Oh, I would give you many to-morrows then," he answered ardently. "May I hope that you will accept another such, Miss Carlyle? Paris during December on Thursday, and for I might—"

"I am due at Lady Lexborough's on Thursday, Lord Beresford," she answered. "I shall see you there I believe, and at the drawing-room too."

"And after that? Oh, Isabel, Miss Carlyle—be merciful. After that?"

"After that belongs to the future, my lord, and I never like to look too far ahead. Thank you again for the pleasure of this evening. Good night, my lord."

She drew her sparkling hand away without daring to look at him, stooped and gathered up her gleaming train.

"Good night," he echoed huskily as he went down the steps to the carriage. "Good night, Miss Carlyle. May Heaven bless and preserve you always."

She did not dare to look at him while he spoke. Her heart was beating with painful violence, her lips were quivering; her eyes were full; and so, holding her head gracefully, she passed over the threshold, and never once looked back.

"What a wicked little flirt I am!" she muttered, as she swept down the corridor under the shining lights. "Oh, I could almost loathe myself for the treacherous work I put him off to madden him, to add fresh fuel to a fire already so great that it awes me, it terrifies me; and I have nothing to do tomorrow—nothing! Every article is in readiness for the presentation at court, and yet I sent him from me—I cast my scorn of his mother at his dear head, and all the while I—oh, no, no, no! I must not think of it. It is only fancy. I do not love Lord Beresford—papa is mistaken. But I told a lie to-night—a willful, deliberate lie. May Heaven pity and forgive me! I sent him from me, I refused to receive him tomorrow when I might have been so happy, so very, very happy in his presence."

And something very like a maelstrom of pain stirred those beautiful, haughty lips.

Near the entrance to the library she encountered the butler coming up the stairs with a tiny note in his hand, and seeing her he came forward and extended it with a smile.

"For Lady Mount Severn, Miss Carlyle," he said, with a low bow. "A messenger just left it at the servant's door. He said it was important; but her ladyship has gone up to her own room, and I thought—"

"You are quite right, Tristram. I will deliver it to her myself," responded Isabel, taking the note. "It is odd that it should have been delivered below, however; but doubtless it is some appeal for charity. Where is her grace? Has she retired to rest?"

"No, miss. She is in the library with Mr. Carlyle. He has been busy writing all the evening."

Isabel turned quietly and opened the library door.

"Can I come, papa?" she laughed, pausing on the threshold and slyly peeping in. "I don't want to disturb the solemn conclave. I should like my good-night kiss."

"Come in! come in!" sang out Mr. Carlyle, gayly. "I began to think you had run up to your room and forgotten such a dry old customer as papa. Her grace has been regaling me with the events of the night. My little lassie has made quite a sensation, it seems, and the duchess predicts brilliant things for your future, puss."

Isabel made a sweeping courtesy.

"I shall refuse two earls and a duke to-morrow, then," she said, laughingly. "On the strength of her grace's prediction, I really think I shall accept nothing short of a king."

"The Beresford coronet would be no small prize, my dear," smiled her grace, tapping her with her point lace fan. "If my fancy does not lead me astray, I think I know who could have it, too. It is a prize the noblest woman in England might be proud to win and wear."

Isabel shrugged her shoulders and affected a light laugh.

"Then the noblest woman in England can have it," she said, slyly. "I shall marry only the man I sincerely love."

"And you do not love Lord Lionel Beresford, my dear?"

She was conscious that the duchess' eyes were upon her, conscious she was playing a miserable part, but she nerved herself to the task, knowing that the words would assuredly reach that proud old mother's ears.

"And I do not love Lord Beresford!" she repeated, never dreaming how, in the days to come, these fatal words would recoil upon her. "Pray do not look so greatly shocked, your grace. Have I committed any crime in saying that?"

"But you have shown him every preference, my dear."

"Not more than I show to my pet canary. I think. He gives me a song in return for my kindness. Who knows what I may yet win from Lord Lionel Beresford? We all have purposes in this life, I fancy. Will you think me worse than others that I have mine? But mercy! There is the clock striking one, and I must be off to bed. Kiss me good night, papa, and say 'God bless you,' as you always do."

She had bent over and twined her arms about him, and he laid his hand on her head with a grave, sad smile.

"Good night, my darling! God watch over and bless you. I'm afraid you do not know your own heart."

She smiled and laid her flushing cheek against his.

"I'm afraid sometimes, papa, that I don't," she said softly. "I only know that I am happy and miserable in a moment. I only know that I have set myself a task in life that is very, very hard to bear. No, don't ask me now—some time you shall learn. But, papa, I think I would sooner fall dead this minute than feel that I was not the equal of the noblest man in England—than know that the very slightest shadow ever darkened my name."

"Isabel!"

"I mean it, papa. Shame now would kill me. Don't think I am mad to talk like this. Her grace has retired and no one can hear us. Listen, papa. Only one woman ever scorned me; and she, the proudest, noblest, most spotless woman in England. I shall repay that scorn to the uttermost. I could not do it if I felt there was a shadow over me—if I knew that I was less spotless than she. Don't think me vain and foolish, papa. I am a child no longer. I am a proud woman—proud of you, papa, proud of myself, and proud to tell the world that the Earl of Mount Severn's daughter was my mamma!"

"Isabel! Oh, my child, I could!"

She stepped out of his arms and stood erect in the shining lights, her face radiant, her whole being instinct with openly pride.

"Good night, papa," she said, tenderly. "I am ashamed of nothing that belongs to me. I want always to remember that I have the blood of earls in my veins, and I am Lady Vivienne Beresford's equal in honor, if not in title. I fling her scorn for scorn. I have nothing in my race to blush for—would kill me if I had."

And opening the door with the air of an important personage, she passed out of the room and went up the wide, luxurious staircase.

There was no word from Archibald Carlyle. He sat erect in his chair, stunned, awed, frightened, his face laid, his lips set in a white, strained line, and his eyes looking straight before him like a man who stares, and yet sees nothing.

He heard Isabel's footsteps as she passed up the stairs and went into Lady Rosamond's room to deliver the letter, and when the last rustle of her silken robe passed out into silence, he started to his feet with a low, agonized moan.

"What have I done—oh, God, what have I done?" he broke out in a dull suffocating voice.

"All these years and she has never dreamed the dreadful history of the past. All these years I have hidden it from her, but I know it now, oh Heaven, I know it now. I should have told her long ago. She could have borne it as a child, but she has spoken truly—it would kill her to learn it now. God help and pity me, but I see my folly when it is all too late. Never let her learn it, O merciful Lord. Hold it from her ears, keep it from her always. It would kill her to learn it now."

And kneeling down where no eye looked down upon him save that which never sleepeth, he clasped his hands and prayed fervently for the future of his child.

The clock on my lady's mantel had just chimed two; a deep silence reigned over all the house, the last lamp had been extinguished nearly an hour ago. The last servant had gone up to bed; but in the pearl and silver seclusion of her own dainty little boudoir, my lady herself still sat, as she had been sitting for an hour past, an open letter resting on her knee, and a smile of awful triumph frozen on her delicate blonde face.

"My lady—(the letter ran)—'I write you in haste to tell you that she is found. Chance led me to the opera tonight, and I found her there—a low dancing-woman, wrinkled and old, and faded, but rapid and sly, and fond of flattery as you told me she used to be. All is well. I write this in a second-rate taproom, and Arleight sits opposite as I pen it. She consents to everything, but I had to offer her a deal of money. If you care to see her come to the rear garden-gate at ten o'clock on the night of Lady Lexborough's ball. You told me you would be there, and I deem it the safest way to speak to Arleight and avoid discovery, in a strange mansion your absence will not be remarked. I have done my duty and we shall accomplish our double revenge if a marriage between Lord Beresford and Miss Carlyle can only be brought about. If it fails now, if she should refuse to wed him—if anything intervened to separate them without wedding, we are powerless. Address your reply to No. 6, Chickabiddy Row, East. Your eager coadjutor."

There it ended, and my lady, reading it for the fiftieth time recorded the same vow:

"They must marry—she shall not refuse him. This glorious vengeance shall surely be mine—I swear it! It will blast the Beresford pride, it will mark the annals of Ravenswood, and, best of all, it will kill her—kill Isabel Carlyle with the torture of lingering death,—and my debt of hatred will be fulfilled."

CHAPTER XVII.

TOLD IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The court presentation was a grand success. Even Lady Beresford could not but admit that, for her gracious majesty, the queen, smiling on the country solicitor's daughter when she came forward to be presented, had said, as Isabel stooped to kiss her hand:

"Here is the fairest face that ever graced St. James'."

It was a triumph supreme and undeniable, and Isabel bore it with a regal grace as she swept down the drawing-room of the royal palace with the thousand lights shining down upon her; the court plumes gracing her queenly dark head, and a flush of pride tingling her olive cheek.

She wore a trailing robe of ivory white satin embroidered in roses and lilies, wrought in seed pearls.

Lionel, Lord Beresford, followed her like a shadow, and if ever a man's perfect love shone out of human eyes, it shone from his when he forced his way to her side after the presentation, and offered his congratulations.

"You have outdone your peerless self, Miss Carlyle," he said, ardently. "God knows how I have prayed for this night—how I have watched for this hour."

They stood under the light of a marvellous chandelier, where a forest of silver lilies seemed to dart tongues of fire through the ants of flashing crystal, and Isabel dropped her stately eyes with just the faintest suspicion of a blush as his beloved voice fell upon her ear.

"It was very kind of you, Lord Beresford," she murmured softly, toying with the pearl-encrusted sticks of her point-lace fan. "But was your solicitude aroused through any sense of fear? Did you dread a contretemps when a country solicitor's untitled daughter should be permitted to kiss her majesty's hand?"

How she hated herself for those words, how she despised herself for that cruel stab. She knew that he, of all the world, had no fear, but she had spoken for the benefit of other ears—the ears of the proud old mother who sailed by, as she spoke, on the arm of England's present king, and who coolly surveyed her from head to foot as she passed under the chandelier, and then looked away, stung to the quick, by the softly spoken taunt.

"Can you think me guilty of such a thing?" responded Lord Lionel, reproachfully. "No, I had no thought, Miss Carlyle, save the rapture of meeting you, save the bliss of looking on your face again. It has seemed a lifetime since we parted, and I have counted every hour till now. And now you wound me, now you deem me base enough to doubt you. Miss Carlyle—Isabel—have I deserved this?"

His voice seemed to go down into her heart and thrill it to its very core, a flush of shame drifted over her cheek, her lips quivered, her eyes grew wet, and my lord, seeing that pretty penitence, thought of Browning's sweet lines:

"The good stars met in your horoscope
Made you a spirit of fire and dew."

"Forgive me, Lord Beresford," she murmured, looking up frankly and extending her little hand. "It was an unworthy thought, and I spoke in haste. What can I do to show you how sorry I am—how sincerely I regret it?"

What could she do? Looking into his eyes then, she had no need to ask. His soul was shining out from those azure eyes, and shaming so passionately that its strength awed and frightened her, and she shrank away, regretting those artless words.

Love and pride were battling with each other, and her footsteps trembled between Heaven and hell.

He did not stop to answer. Taking her little hand he drew it through his arm and turning walked away. She could not resist him—strength seemed to have forsaken her, and so in silence, they walked onward.

It was coming at last. She knew that and her heart gave one great bound of rapture and then dropped down, trembling and faint with happy pain. The flush went out of her face and lips; marble white and marble still she looked at him with the faint, far-away music of the band floating over the roses and drifting sweetly to her; and then, before she could speak, before she could turn her eyes from his, my lord had caught her hand and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"I can stand it no longer—I must speak; it maddens me to be silent," he broke out in a voice that shook and choked and wavered with emotion—"Isabel are you free? Are you marble, that you will not realize? Speak to me, and say I am not in vain. Nay, you shall not draw your hand from me. Forgive me if I frighten you with my wildness, but it is my life, my future, my very soul's salvation I am asking at your hands. Speak to me, beloved! Oh, my darling, my darling! come to me in my loneliness. I love you, Isabel and life is empty without you."

His voice died out in a low breath, his eyes looked straight into the marble whiteness of her face, but she never spoke, never stirred. So for a full minute she stood, fighting that bitter battle with pride, fighting the demon voice that whispered:

"Reject him—keep your vow—reject him and

ding your scorn and contempt at his mother."

So she stood—her heart drinking in the words of the tempter as her mother's had done before her—and yet her whole soul going out to him, her whole life crying out to her:

"Take him—take him. All for love, and let pride be put away."

Love him—yes. In that moment she knew it—knew that life held nothing where he was not—for he was royal monarch over all her heart.

"Will you not answer me, sweet?" broke out my lord afresh, clinging to her and trembling before the tempest of his passion. "Oh, love, save me from misery, lift me from despair. Look at me, dear, and tell me your heart went out to mine, as mine to yours, that night when first we met; tell me you love me, dear—tell me you will be my wife. Oh, how can I live without you?"

She never answered. White and still she stood and listened, for the devil talked still to her proud, young heart.

"Look at me, love, and speak," my lord cried out in a voice she never forgot. "I am offering you an honorable name, dear heart; I am offering you a strong, earnest, unwavering love—I am putting my life into your hands. Oh, sweet, have pity and do not blast it. Oh, my love, my love, I love you so. Look at me Isabel—turn your dear eyes to my face and say: 'Lionel, I love you; I will be your wife.' Nay, do not fear; only God hears us, and God knows our hearts already. Look at me love—I want to read those sweet eyes while you answer."

"They went to his face at his command—had she been marble she could not have prevented it,—and looking down into their dark depths, he held both her hands and drew her softly to him.

"Sweet do you hear me?" he said, softly. "I love you, Isabel—will you be my wife?"

For a second she swayed between love and pride, for a second she wavered, but for a second only.

The soft light went out of her eyes, the cold pride froze over her face—she looked at him, drew her hands from his, and answered simply: "No!"

He reeled back from her with the cry of a heart trampled, the moan of a life wrecked, and in the sitting moonlight, she saw the awful look of a man's despair pass over his bonny blonde face.

"Isabel!" he cried out huskily. "Oh, my love, my love, will you kill me? I am laying my life at your feet, and—"

"A d d I decline it with thanks, Lord Beresford," she interrupted, coldly. "Go to your proud mother and tell her what the country solicitor's daughter has said. Tell her that her pampered darling has offered this 'untitled nobody' the whole heritage of Ravenswood, but tell her that she does not love him, and he has been rejected. Even the Earl of Beresford, my lord, may presume too much, and you can tell the countess that."

It was over. He had spoken and been answered, and pride had won the day. Her own lips had proclaimed it, her own lips had told him that she did not love him, and Lionel, Lord Beresford, would never accept an unloving bride.

So, for a moment they stood, she cold, and pale, and stately in her imperial pride, he, with man's utmost woe upon his face—a stark white figure under the moonlight and the stars—his whole life empty, his future a waste, his heart rejected, and all for a woman's pride.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHANGED HEART.

In all his life, Lionel, Lord Beresford, never suffered as he suffered at that moment. An avalanche of utter despair seemed to descend upon his heart, shattering all that was sweet and tender, and making the whole wide world a dreary waste in which he had neither aim nor purpose.

He leaned against a great stone vase and looked at Isabel where she stood, the moonlight shining down through the trees and sifting impalpable silver about her, her glorious dark head held haughtily erect, her sweet face as white and cold as the pearls that glimmered on the satin sheen of her costly robe, and her sparkling fingers tightly shut on the gemmed sticks of her perfumed fan.

After her cold rejection, and that bitter, taunting speech she had spoken when he had laid his proud young heart at her feet, there had been not one word exchanged between them—white and still they stood and looked at each other, and the wind floated over the tropical bloom of the palace gardens, bore the faint, sweet echo of the band to their ears.

My lord stood awhile and tried to live down that desolate, heart-hungry feeling; tried to fight with his misery and overcome as terrible despair, but the seed was too deeply rooted and he could only turn aside and cover his face, with the cry of a strong man's anguish.

"You do not mean it, Isabel—you cannot mean it!" he broke out suddenly, turning again and lifting those bonny azure eyes to her face. "Oh! sweet, I have loved you so! Surely you will not put me from you without a tender word—You must have some tender feeling toward me—love like mine can never live unrequited. I have read the truth in your face, my darling. I have read love in those sweet dark eyes, and you are only trying to test me—you are only jesting because I frightened you so. Ah, love, do not sport with me longer. I am suffering, Isabel—cease to trifle with me, dear, and speak the truth. My arms are open to you, sweet—come to me, and rest your dear head on my bosom; come to me, my darling, and say, 'Lionel, I love you.'"

He took a step forward and he spoke, and held his arms wide.

"Come to me, love—I have dreamed so often of the picture—come to me, Isabel, and lay your head against my heart."

Oh, Heaven, how she longed to do it. He was looking straight at her, his soul shining out of his blue eyes, his face radiant in the mystical moonlight, so handsome, so true, that for a moment she wavered.

But for a moment only. The softening light went out of her eyes and face, the treacherous quiver stillied itself upon her sweet lips—she thought of that proud old mother who had stung her so, she thought of the task she had set herself, and then—she was ice again.

"Do not deceive yourself, Lord Beresford," she said, coldly. "The picture you have dreamed can never be realized."

"Isabel!"

"I mean it, my lord. We can be nothing to each other—less than nothing; after tonight, let us meet no more. Nay, hear me out. For your own sake a marriage between you and me can never be dreamed of; and if you ask it again, if you force your presence upon me, I shall seek shelter in flight. A tender word—a tender thought, even—for the Countess of Beresford's son is something I have forbidden myself to have. Go to your lady-mother—go to her my lord, and tell her what the country solicitor's daughter has said. If you plead for an hour, it would be the same. I am the granddaughter of one Lord Mount Severn, the grand-niece of another—go to the Countess of Beresford, my lord, and tell her that her race is not ancient enough to mingle and mate with mine. Pray return to the drawing-room. Your path lies that way, I think. Our interview is over, my lord."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for one year, and read the continuation of this chapter, when Lord Beresford promises Isabel the future shall hold nothing but love.

In reading this sequel to Mrs. Wood's famous novel it has reminded many of our readers to ask for the book "East Lynne," and we are now offering it as a premium, in an attractive cloth binding for a club of only three subscribers to this paper, at 20 cents each. "Lady Isabel" will not be published in book form, but nearly every reader will want a copy of "East Lynne" in the house for reference while reading this story.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HAIL to the June month, cousins dear, and let the roses of the year grow all around us, sweet and bright, to give us fragrance and delight. Summer is lovely, isn't it? And wouldn't it be lovelier still if all our lives and all our tempers were June? They are not, of course, but they could be made more like June if we tried right hard, don't you think? Suppose we try. I'll begin at once by going merrily to work, thinking it is nothing but play.

The first letter is from a Blue-eyed Daisy in Alabama who tells me I mustn't say she is from Russellville, and I won't. Anyway she wants to know why her heart flutters so when she meets a "certain boy". Isn't that a hard one to answer? Really it is too much for an old maid like me. My heart never flutters when I meet a boy.

Tony Boy, Lloyd, Fla.—The girl is silly. Don't bother about her. Get one with some sense.

B. Hillsberg, Ind.—The heroic thing, the Christlike thing, let us say would be to tell the lady that you are the guilty party. Ask her pardon, and ask her charity in saying nothing about it. Don't write it, but go to her in person. You may do as you please about it, but that is the square thing—unless the woman is a crank who cannot appreciate properly a square deal.

Ellen, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—It is all right to have men, younger than yourself, paying attention to you, but you should maintain a certain dignity always and never quite let them forget you are older than they. Permit no familiarities. That will destroy the charm. The right kind of men respect the women who respect themselves. The worst kind of a man remembers his mother as a good woman. You should know instinctively how to act towards men. They best like the woman who does not let herself become common property. Have a high ideal of your womanhood and maintain it. And you may be the brightest and cheerfulness and happiest woman at the same time.

Pink Carnation, Copemish, Mich.—To bring him to his proper senses, suppose you begin going less with him, and more with other young men. Then he will realize that he must say something if he wants you exclusively.

Brown Eyes, Rice Lake, Wis.—Ask him directly in your letters to come and see you to get matters right again, and as they should be. You know each other well enough to be perfectly frank. You sent him away; it is for you to bring him back.

C. H. R., Garland, N. C.—You are right; it is much better to wait till you are both older. Obey your parents until you are of age.

A. B. C., Carl, Idaho.—It would look as if he were ashamed of his partner if he left her at the door of the dancing hall and joined her later on the floor. Ask him what he means.

B. A. L., Stephen, Minn.—It was proper to send the valentine to the young man. (2) The lady's escort, we believe, can only claim the first and last dance, against all comers. Any others that he may wish, he must get if he can, as the other men do.

Cheyenne, Dewville, Texas.—I don't think you love anybody except yourself, and I don't believe you would be happy with any man you marry. At least you would not in your present frame of mind. When in doubt, don't marry. It is risky enough when you are certain. If you will show the young man a copy of your letter to me, I think he will help you make up your mind what to do.

Crazy Lil, Madison, Ala.—Girls of fourteen and fifteen should mind their books instead of sending post cards to boys, or giving them scarf pins. Wait till you are out of school.

Impatient, Seattle, Wash.—Don't be discouraged. Tell the young man frankly about your home troubles and confide in him. Let him know by your confidence that you think a great deal of him, and he will respond, I am sure. You must remember that he is rather young yet, and doesn't know just what he should do. Accept his mother's invitation to visit her and be with his people as much as you can. Let his mother know how your home is. Pity is akin to love, you know, and presently it will come around all right.

Buttercup, Revolution, N. C.—Don't waver at the train men unless you know them. It is not ladylike, no matter how many girls do it. (2) Don't bother about the young man who neglects his correspondence. Let him go.

Jayhawker, Abbeville, Kans.—Obey your parents. What do you know about this young man you are writing to, though you never saw him? Suppose he is married, or is a notorious scoundrel? If he wants to write to you let him come to see you and show you what he is.

Brown-eyed Girl, Zolieski, Wis.—The "real, nice fellows" are the kind that are the most to be watched. Of course, he has been attentive because he wanted to kiss you. He stopped his attentions when you wouldn't let him kiss you, didn't he? What more proof do you want?

Broken-heart, Pine Bluff, Ark.—No kissing unless engaged. (2) Let him write first. Are you chasing him? (3) Unless he is engaged to you he has a right to go with other girls.

School Girl, Camden, Tenn.—Don't go to parties till you are out of school, except now and then, maybe, to a little one. And don't play kissing games. They are very common and cheap.

Pacific Belle, Cayuco, Cal.—Have nothing to do with the man that talks about any girl to her injury. Your turn will come next. (2) The lady speaks first.

Blue-eyed Sarah, Waterville, S. Dak.—That sort of kinship doesn't stand in the way of marriage.

Brown Eyes, Darkwood, Ill.—People often fall in love with each other through letters though they have never met. At least, they fall in love with what they think each other is. Acquaintance may change it all, so it is very risky. When what he says in his letter is not very clear, you will have to guess at its meaning and answer to suit yourself. If you don't know how to do that, you had better stop writing.

Brown-eyed Girl, Mooresville, Ala.—If you are set on marrying anyway, I don't see much use in asking your mother. You'd better, though.

Just a Cousin, Crockett, Va.—Indiscreet kissing among cousins is not nice and you are right in objecting to it. (2) If your drummer friend is slow about answering letters, suppose you try being less prompt. You are not the one to do all the prompting.

In Trouble, Basil, Ohio.—Ask him to call. That is quite correct. And send him post cards in response to his, though he does not ask it. As he does not live in your town, and only is there to see you, you may ask him to go out with you. But do not urge him if he doesn't want to go. He comes to see you, not your friends.

Blue-eyed Girl, Custer, Neb.—Be sweet and pleasant and cheerful with everybody, boys and girls, and the boys will be nice to you. Don't hang back and think you are bashful. Think about other people, and forget yourself. Try to make others happy and they will make you happy. Don't be bold and pushing, but just sweet and amiable and friendly and talk and make others talk. There is no rule, you have to work it out yourself.

Lonesome, Farragut, Iowa.—When you meet the young men ask them to call on you. They are waiting.

Puzzled Martha, Portland, Ore.—I believe if I were you I would not receive the young man. His record is not good and you may have the same trouble with him, if you marry him, that he got into before. I don't think it will break his heart if you tell him you don't want to marry him. Treat him as the other girls of your acquaintance do socially, and be friends. If you wish, but merely that. As sensible a girl as you are should have a husband with a clean record, at least.

Kid, Oscar, Okla.—It is quite proper to give him a birthday present.

Oregon Beauty, Summerville, Ore.—When you don't know which to choose don't choose either, but wait till you are wiser. (2) Blue eyes, fair skin and black hair is an Irish blonde. Marry the man you love best, no matter if he be tall or short, blonde or brunette.

Chickasaw Girl, Ryan, Okla.—Twenty-eight is not too old for seventeen, but seventeen is too young to marry. Wait till it is thirty-two and twenty-one. Really, how can I tell whether he loves you or not? He says he does. Do you want an affidavit?

H. L. G., Pullman, Wash.—You quibble just like a man.

Gray-eyed Lillian, Strawberry Point, Ia.—Ask him and his sisters to go with you and your

as nice to him as to anybody else and that is enough for you to do.

Country Lass, Rosenberg, Texas.—The gentleman is taken to the lady and introduced to her.

Sleeping Beauty, Bryson, Texas.—You have too many sweethearts. Sift them down to one by choosing the one you love best. If he doesn't love you, you will have to look elsewhere for heart's ease. (2) Don't wear young men's jewelry. You did quite right with the school teacher. Tell "Poor Duckett" that I cannot give him any saving advice. He shouldn't love more than one girl at a time. That's enough trouble.

Y's, Garden City, Texas.—It is a great pity for a girl whose heart is breaking because the gentleman she loves will not love her, and I am very sorry that I can offer no relief. Try one who loves you.

Lonely Irene, Bennington, N. H.—If you are never to see him again, perhaps you might kiss him good by. Maybe you might if he is going very, very far away. But you will have to kiss him when you meet him again. It will be quite proper to visit his mother and sisters on their invitation. As he is but seventeen and you are twenty, I advise that you wait till he is old enough to know his own mind. Boys of seventeen are almost babies, and need mothers more than wives.

Perplexed Irene, McBride, Mich.—The young men were rather "fresh" as they say, and it would have been more ladylike for you not to have answered. (2) This is Leap Year and you might ask a real nice young man to go riding with you.

Anxious Blue Eyes, Palmyra, Neb.—Be good friends with the young man and help him all you can to reform, but don't fall in love with him, nor let him fall in love with you by encouraging him that way. Let him know you are only his friend in need.

M. M. T., Manhattan, N. Y.—As long as he

five hundred dollars for it now, and I won't sell it to you for no less."

"You are an idiot, Job Seagrain!" added the magnate, disgusted with the conduct of the old man.

"Well, I don't know but I be," said Job, with a grin.

"Here I come down to help you out of your troubles, and you treat my offer with contempt."

"No, I am much obliged to you for coming down, but I won't sell to you for less than thirty-five hundred."

"Very well, you may go to ruin in your own way, Job," and Squire Peter turned as though he intended to depart.

"Of course, if I go to ruin I won't blame you Squire Peter. I should like to see them bills."

"You shall see them!" And the magnate took from his pocket a file of papers. "You owe all most every body in town, Job, and after I got my money, I was afraid your creditors would all come down on you in a body, take away your place and your boat, and send you to the almshouse. So I bought up all the claims, and have power of attorney to collect them."

"That was very good of you, Squire Peter, you allus look out for the poor. But come into the house, and we will look the bills over."

"What's the use of looking them over, you can't pay them; besides I don't want to go into the house."

"Oh, you needn't be skeered, Squire Peter. Betsy Ann is a lady now, and I am the man of the house," laughed Job.

The old man conducted his creditor into the house, where the altered appearance of things attracted the squire's attention, and compelled him to believe that a change had come over the affairs of the family. But Betsy Ann hated the magnate with all the intensity of her amiable nature, and she could not quietly tolerate his presence since he had attempted to turn her out of house and home.

"You sculpin of iniquity!" she began. "Kinder easy, Betsy Ann!" interposed Job, with a majestic wave of his brown hand. "I asked Squire Peter to come in, and we must treat him well."

Betsy Ann subsided. The man of the house seated himself at the table, upon which Squire Peter tossed his file of bills. Job looked them over, one at a time, and found that from one to ten years' interest had been added to each of them. Several of them were outlawed and could not, therefore, have been collected in any court. While the examination was going on, Charlie entered the room, having finished his work on the "Belle of the Bay." The old man explained the situation to him, and Betsy Ann listened with interest, not unmixed with indignation.

"I ain't no scholar, Charlie, and I want you to see if the interest is figured right on these bills," said Job.

"I can't wait here all day," protested the squire.

"Well, arter we have looked 'em over, I'll go up to the village and see you about 'em," added Job.

"What do you want to see me for? I made you a fair offer."

The old man explained the nature of the offer to Charlie, and his wife, and added that the squire was going to attach the place and sell it for debt.

"I can't leave the papers here," growled the squire.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

SPECIAL EDITORIAL

Faith, Hope and Charity

THE BIBLE TELLS US that every stone that entered into the construction of KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE was so carefully proportioned and finished before it left the quarry that without any change or alteration it fitted perfectly in its intended place in the building. EACH STONE, whether delicately carved to ornament the front or rough-hewn and buried in the foundation to support the superstructure, filled its mission and performed its duty perfectly.

SO EACH ONE OF US and every other created thing is but a stone in the great structure of the universe, having its proper place, its special mission to fill, its appropriate duty to perform. All, even to the least, are important, essential in their proper places.

THE CAUSE OF MOST FAILURES IS MISFITS. Grandeur of position is not the true measure of success. Success depends on finding the place in life for which one is fitted and faithfully performing the duty and the mission for which he or she was intended. Whoever fails in this slips a cog in the mechanism of the universe and causes a jolt and friction in its running.

COMFORT'S READERS for the most part belong to that great and most important class, the agricultural and industrial producers, which constitutes the corner stone, the very foundation of civilization, and on whose energy and fidelity depend not only the material prosperity and moral progress of our great republic, but even its very existence.

THE SECRET OF COMFORT'S enduring and steadily increasing success is that it has a definite and distinct mission, which is to assist its readers in every possible way to fill their places and perform well their respective missions, and in this way to bring true happiness into their lives, WHICH IS COMFORT.

COMFORT STANDS FOR FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, which according to Saint Paul constitute the three essential elements of Christian character. COMFORT HAS FAITH IN HUMANITY,—that the good, the noble and the generous in human nature far exceed the evil, the base and the selfish and through Divine Providence, which has ordered all things for the best, will ultimately prevail. Steadfast in this faith COMFORT ever hopes and strives for the uplifting of the people, proving its faith by its works.

BUT, AS SAINT PAUL ALSO SAID, "The greatest of these is charity," and COMFORT sets an example of charity as well as advocating it. For some time COMFORT has been giving, in charity, one invalid's wheel chair each month, in which the subscriptions received through members of its LEAGUE OF COUSINS reached one thousand in number. OUR PUBLISHER, whose touching letter on this subject appears on page two will interest all our readers, is deeply interested in this movement, which he has started, to provide destitute crippled shut-ins with wheel chairs. His sympathy is so moved by the knowledge that there are thousands of worthy destitute shut-ins who are deprived of fresh air and sunshine for lack of means to buy a wheel chair, that he has generously offered to donate a first-class wheel chair for each and every two hundred and fifty new subscriptions sent in this month from any and all sources combined under the conditions stated in his letter. If his means were only as large as his heart there would not be a worthy shut-in in this country unsupplied with a wheel chair. But his means are limited because he has not worshiped the almighty dollar, nor turned his wonderful success into hoarded wealth, but has given his subscribers the most and the very best for their subscription money.

THIS IS A VERY LIBERAL OFFER on his part,—one of these expensive wheel chairs for every two hundred and fifty new subscriptions received from any and all sources combined. The success of this great charity all depends now on our readers doing their part in sending in the subscriptions, and we have faith to believe that they will, and we hope that none will have reason to be ashamed of results. Surely each and every one of you can get us one new subscription for charity's sake this month.

WE CANNOT COMPREHEND the purpose of kind Providence in thus afflicting so many people unless it be necessary for the development of character; for if there were no unfortunates in the world there would be no opportunity for exercising charity and that divine attribute would cease to exist in human nature.

THE EXERCISE OF CHARITY IS DOUBLY BLESSED, as it benefits the giver more than the recipient.

OF COURSE YOU ALL SYMPATHIZE with these poor shut-ins, but what does your sympathy amount to if you will not even get one new subscription to COMFORT to count one toward the two hundred and fifty necessary to procure a wheel chair?

LET EACH DO HIS DUTY AND SUCCESS MUST FOLLOW, OF WHICH WE SHALL ALL BE PROUD.

Comfort's Editor.

friends to the Devil's Backbone. But don't be in such a hurry to know whether he loves you or not. If he does, you'll know it soon enough.

Brown Eyes, Orange Grove, Miss.—It is better that the engagement be broken. You got into one trouble by listening to what other people said about your sweetheart, and then into another, when that was patched up, and it is better not to have any more. And it would be still better if you weren't so ready to listen to what others said about your friends.

Ida G., Hackberry, Okla.—If he loves pool better than Sundays with you, why let him play his old pool, and you get somebody else.

S. M., Chicago, Ill.—It may sound cruel, but do not marry a man with consumption, under any circumstances. The divorced man, if of good character, is all right. That he is divorced is not a serious blemish unless he is to blame.

Blonde and Brunette, Jackson, Miss.—Books not beaus are better for girls of sixteen. Nor any dances at public halls, nor any kissing. Nor any telling boys that you love them, nor any marrying at nineteen, unless you have been through school at least two years and have a mighty lot of good hard sense and health.

Geraldine, Canton, Ohio.—If he will not let you know when you can see him, don't see him when he thinks he will see you. That will cure him. (2) Drop the second cousin who makes love to you. Kinsfolks have no business falling in love with each other.

One in Doubt, Haskell, Tex.—Marry him if you are both in love, though you are three years older, but be very sure that he is very, very much in love with you.

Mabel, Canton, Ohio.—My, but you are making much ado about nothing. Let the young fellow work his own way and don't you worry. If he wants you he will come after you without your watching him. Anyway both of you are kids. Wait till you have less romance. Be just

goes with other girls, you should reciprocate by going with other young men. It's the only way to preserve the proper balance.

Cousin Betsy, Wardville, Miss.—Third cousins may marry, but it is better to go outside of the family for husbands and wives.

There, all your questions are answered, dears, except some that were too silly and I know the advice I have given is good, whether all of you think so or not. My, my, what a bunch of pretty summer girls all the cousins must be. May all good abide with you now and always. By, by. COUSIN MARION...

Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

of one thousand dollars, under the law of the state. Betsy Ann had heard of the law, and had induced her husband to visit the lawyer, who had done the business for him.

"That's all very well, Job," said the squire, evidently relieved; for he feared that the old man had sold the property, or "put it out of his own hands." "But it doesn't touch this case."

"Doesn't it?"

"No, it doesn't! These debts were contracted before you filed the declaration," added the squire, triumphantly.

"I guess you are right, Squire Peter. Now, I think on it, the lawyer said it wouldn't cover any old debts."

"Then you see, I can attach the place."

"Well, no; I don't see it."

"Then you are blind!" exclaimed the squire. "I am willing to take the property on the terms that I told you, and that will leave you a rich man."

"But you see, Squire Peter, I don't want to sell the place at the price you say. I ask thirty-

BURNS BARRELS OF AIR.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT. THE MOST WONDERFUL STOVE EVER INVENTED.

Consumes 395 Barrels of Air to One Gallon Common Kerosene Oil.

Causing Great Excitement Wherever Exhibited.

Fuel drawn principally from atmosphere. Uses 395 barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil. Wood and coal cost money. ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR. Supply unlimited. No trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike.

Harrison's Valveless Wickless Oil-Gas and Air-Burner Stove

Sectional Cut of Generator. automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. Burns like gas. Intense heat fire. Combustion perfect. To operate—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. It is self-regulating, no more attention. Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in this world. No dirt, soot, or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under proper control.

D. CARR, IND., writes: "It costs me only 4¢ cents a day for fuel."

VT. writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50 to 75 per cent. over wood and coal." E. ARNOLD, N.H., writes: "Saved \$4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range cost me \$5.50 per month, and the Harrison \$1.35 per month. Objectionable features of all other stoves wiped out."

One, two or three burner sizes—each or without oven.

NOT LIKE THOSE SOLD IN STORES. Ideal for cooking, roasting, baking, ironing, canning fruit, pickles, cottages, camping, also for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc., with radiating attachment. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. No hot fery kitchens. Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasolene. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills.

ALL SIZES PRICES LOW—\$5.25 and up. Sent today address. Send no money. Only send your name and address. Write today for our 50-day trial offer—full description—thousands of testimonials. 100% Prepayment. CASHES FREE.

EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. SALESMEN—MANAGERS—MEN OR WOMEN at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—delivering—agents. MENERS. HEAD & FRAZER, TEXAS, write: "Enclose order for \$81.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves in our town." B. L. HUBBARD, N.H., writes: "Been out one day and sold 11 stoves." This patent new. Nothing like it. Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop on street, leave their homes, places of business, miss trains to watch this generator—excites curiosity—watch it as though a thing of life. Show a dozen—sell ten. Write today for special agents—new plan. Send no money. World un supplied. Get in early for territory.

THE WORLD MFG. CO., 6870 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. M. G. Bodley, Va.—We are informed that a simple and harmless way to grow lean is to live on plain food, no fats or sweets, and drink between meals sassafras tea with neither milk nor sugar in it. Make the tea by simmering down a tablespoonful of the bark in water to almost nothing and filling up with hot or cold water. Drink nothing else but this and keep it up for three months.

Mrs. J. E. B. Sanco, Texas.—The publisher is perfectly reliable. Authors often pay to have their books published, but it is not the custom generally with publishers. Nobody knows how you would come out, until you had tried it on the public. The cost of a book depends upon the size, style, etc., and the first thousand is much more expensive than subsequent issues.

W. B. Lick Creek, Ill.—Every city has numerous employment agencies. The better way for you to do is to put an advertisement in a newspaper. The Enquirer of Cincinnati, for example, prints such notices free of cost. Try there. Possibly one of the Chicago papers does the same.

O. A. K. Ellery, Ill.—You will have to submit your play to a manager and your book to a publisher, and we cannot tell you which will buy it, because so much depends upon what is submitted.

L. J. K. Bowen, Ky.—Munro, Publisher, No. 26 Vandewater St., New York. (2) The McClure Syndicate, No. 66 East 23rd St., Sunday Magazines, 19th St. and 4th Ave., New York. Syndicates want stories from one to three thousand words long, and they prefer them typewritten, unless you write a copper-plate hand. They make no charge for examining your story. You can write and inquire if they want to see what you have.

F. E. D., San Francisco, Cal.—From advertising agents right there in your own town you can get much more satisfactory information than we could possibly give you. Go and see them.

A. L. M., Essex, Vt.—Try Wm. Ware & Co., Boston, Mass.

M. S. Blair, Neb.—Submit your inquiry with impression to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

Mrs. L. G., Navasota, Texas.—There is no fixed value for old publications of any sort. The purchaser usually makes the price. Try Wm. Ware & Co., Boston, Mass., or Henry Malkin, No. 18 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. C. B. G., Green Bay, Wis.—Green Bay is one of the big towns of your state and up-to-date in all essentials. Why not go to music dealers there and inquire for the latest new songs instead of going so far from home? They'll give you lists and sell you all you want.

G. V. P., Oxford, Minn.—Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich. (2) Don't know of anybody buying tasks, except in a small, local way. (3) Write to General Passenger Agent of any, or all, of the railways coming into St. Paul and Minneapolis.

L. K., Rose Hill, Ill.—The three leading photographic magazines, all good, are The Camera, Philadelphia; Photo-Era, Boston; American Photography, New York. As to which pays better, photography or merchandizing, we can only say that it depends upon the man behind the camera or the counter.

W. H. N., Thomas, W. Va.—See answer above to "L. J. K."

J. L. S., Linn, Okla.—You can probably get a Bible for the blind by writing to the Sup't State Blind Asylum, at either Topeka, Kans., or Jefferson City, Mo., or Lincoln, Neb. At least you will be told where and how one may be had. There is a magazine for the blind published in New York city. Write to Editor Zeigler Magazine for the Blind, New York, N. Y.

C. L. Keen, Westport, R. D. 35, Conn.—would like to know from some COMFORT reader all the particulars about Port Angeles, Wash. In the mean time we advise that he write to Mayor of Port Angeles, for information about the place. We can tell him that it is the county seat of Clallam county, has a population of about 3,000, and the county industries are farming, lumbering, stock raising, and canneries. There are two newspapers, Democrat-Leader, and Tribune-Times, weekly. (2) We believe sailors in the U. S. Navy are entitled to passage to point of enlistment when regularly discharged. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., for particulars about re-enlistment.

E. B. T., Sutton, W. Va.—There is no such island as Taylor Island that we have ever heard of near New York, though some of the numerous little spots of dry land in the waters of that section may have such a name. It is not big enough to be listed, or on the map. Write to Daniel A. Nash, Sec. Pilot Commissioners, No. 17 State Street, New York, N. Y., about it.

Joseph Armstrong, St. James, N. Y.—would like to know from COMFORT readers where he can get good goats that can be broken and driven to a wagon. As St. James is not far from New York city, we suggest that he go to Central Park and ask the goat drivers there where they get their stock.

Reader, Burr Oaks, Kans.—Insane asylum authorities get more patients by astrophysical means than they do by nurses. However, if your brother has the making of a nurse in him he can find out more about it by writing to Sup't State Insane Asylum, Topeka, Kans. The Oklahoma Asylum is at Guthrie, if they have one.

E. S. W., Edinburg, Ind.—We understand that the gentleman after coming to New York for his fortune, returned to the West. What his post-office is we do not know. The Milwaukee Railroad people could tell you. Write them.

S. M., Auburn, Neb.—Mrs. D. E. N. Southworth is dead. We don't know who the "Ismael" statesman was unless Aaron Burr. Ask Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. (2) Nebraska's U. S. Senators are Elmer J. Burkett of Lincoln, and Norris Brown of Kearney. Representatives, E. M. Pollard, Nebraska; G. M. Hitchcock, Omaha; J. P. Boyd, Nebr.; L. H. Hinchshaw, Fairbury; G. W. Norris, McCook; M. P. Kinkaid, O'Neill. (3) You have not enough post cards to justify advertising them for sale.

Subscriber, Elizabethtown, Ky.—Unless you can write unusually good humorous articles you cannot make enough money on them to pay postage. Don't try. (2) It is necessary to color sketches for reproduction if you want your colors followed.

COMFORT Reader, Vienna, Ill.—The established church of England is the Protestant Episcopal, called also the Anglican church. (2) There is no negro slavery in Europe, nor in Asia that we know of. Africa is the only headquarters now for negro slavery. (3) Presidents of South American

republics are elected for a definite number of years, we believe, but holding the office for the full term is different. When they get one they try to keep him, as with Diaz of Mexico, who has been President since 1884. Zelaya of Nicaragua has been in since 1893, but neither of these countries is in South America.

R. S., Wocissa, Fla.—Write to Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

Alonso B. C. Greene, Box 22, Haynesville, R. D. 2, La., would like to know from COMFORT readers anything they know about the burial place of General Nathaniel Greene of the Revolution, who composed his family at the time of his death, June 19, 1786, and who has, or knows who has, his family record.

R. A. R., Calumet, Okla.—Don't try to make yourself taller by stretching the cartilage of your system. The Bible says you cannot add to your stature and the Bible is good authority.

J. B., Hilbert, Wis.—Consult an attorney about changing your name, or see a Justice of the Peace. The laws vary in different states. In some the courts do it, and in some only the legislatures.

Mrs. Inez Travers Cupp, Bloom City, Wis., would like to hear from any COMFORT readers named Travers, as her father's name is Henry Travers and she wants to hear from her kin.

S. E. N., Steedman, Texas.—Give us your full name and address and we will ask for the information you want. We have no other means of getting it.

J. T. S., Sunnyside, Ky.—See answer next above, to "S. E. N."

C. P. R., Cheap-Hill, Tenn.—We don't think there would be a great demand for such an envelope. However, write to The Hall Paper & Specialties Co., No. 150 Nassau St., New York, or to the Los Angeles Paper Man'g Co., Mission Road, Los Angeles, California. Unless you have something unusual in Indian flints it will not justify to bother with them.

COMFORT Reader, Flanagan, Ill.—You will find dozens of them advertised in the Chicago papers. If they wanted COMFORT to tell you about them they would advertise with us.

J. M. T., Madison, S. C.—Write to Wm. Ware & Co., Boston, Mass., about the almanacs and to Vantine & Co., New York City, about the relics. Give full descriptions.

B. M. M., Burton, Texas.—You cannot get a present from him and it is wasting postage stamps to try.

Lotis Campbell, Oakland, R. D. 1, Ill.—would like to get from some COMFORT reader the song "The Brooklyn Theater." She wants other songs but doesn't know the names of them. Maybe somebody can help her.

W. F., Henager, Ala.—Write to Tiffany & Co., New York city, and you may depend upon what they tell you.

G. F. M., Farmington, Mo.—The poem, whose first line is "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" is by William Knox, not John. Knox was a minor Scotch poet and died in 1825, aged thirty-six years. He came into some property and died of dissipation. The poem was a favorite of President Lincoln's. You will find it in Harper's Cyclopaedia of Poetry, edited by Epes Sargent.

Donna, Dickinson, N. Dak.—Correspondence schools, like other schools, vary in quality, but a-- of them can and will teach the average person a great many things worth knowing. Of course, personal attendance at any school is better than the long distance method, but if you will apply yourself you can do well with the correspondence school, in bookkeeping or other branches. We cannot give addresses. The best of them advertise and you can look up the advertisements and write to the schools for further information. They'll give you all you ask for. Look over April and May COMFORT's advertising columns before looking elsewhere. (2) Just how All Fools' Day, or April Fools' Day originated is not known, but it is observed in many countries, civilized and uncivilized, and has been for hundreds of years. The Jews claim that the first April Fools' day was when Noah sent the dove out of the Ark and found no land in sight. It is mere tradition, but the antiquity is authentic.

Hugh Murphy, No. 408 West South St., Frankfort, Ind., would like to hear from COMFORT readers in Arizona and Colorado about those parts of the country, and what chance a sober and industrious young man can get there for work and permanent residence. There is a chance for somebody to get a good citizen.

Mrs. J. E. K., Unicoi, Tenn.—Turpentine is made, not from the wood of the pine tree, but the gum. We haven't space to tell you the process of manufacture. You may get details from turpentine orchard owners over in your neighboring state of North Carolina.

H. A. T., Jamestown, N. Y.—The address of La Revue is Paris, la Paris, France. A letter sent to that address will reach it, postage prepaid, five cents.

J. M., Providence, R. I.—We do not know the details of the transaction, and if your lawyer can't find out and get a settlement, you had better get a lawyer who can. It is a plain legal proposition unless there is crooked work going on.

Mrs. K. W., McGregor, Mich.—Try Leaser, Whitman & Co., No. 678 Broadway, or Wm. Alsbery & Co., No. 5 West 4th St., New York city.

E. W., Glensfork, Ky.—Write to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill. If they don't have it, they will get what you want.

L. S., Willsboro, N. Y.—The ships that go about all sorts of places irregularly are called tramp ships, and accommodations for passengers are not of the best, and sometimes not at all. If you are going as one of the crew that is different. You may get a good berth and you may not. Wages are small, but you have board and lodging and no opportunity to spend money except at long intervals. You had better go to New York and look the ships over before being tied up with any of them. It is no easy job, and the pleasures of travel are not numerous.

W. C. W., Council Bluffs, Ia.—Take it to some coin dealer in Omaha. You are not far from that city, are you?

Subscriber, Millersport, Ohio.—We don't know about this particular association, but some of them are very good and save their members not a little on common expenses. Write to the one you mention and get their references before putting up any money. We don't just see how an association in Chicago would benefit you in Ohio.

O. C., Blackwell, Ky.—Before the development of our present knowledge of electricity, various explanations were given for the existence of aurora borealis, or northern lights, but now it is generally accepted that they are due to electrical conditions of the atmosphere. The ways and wherefores are too intricate for our space.

H. S., Archer City, Texas.—Write to Bepner McFadden, Editor Physical Culture Magazine, New York city. Haven't got the other addresses.

Subscriber, Leeman, Wis.—Get addresses of publishers from the sheet music you have or can see in the stores. They are quite as apt to lay words or music, or both as any others. All publishers want good music, but it must be good as is good. You will have to send it to them for inspection.

W. A. F., Chicago, Ill.—You should be able to get all the books you mention, from either Rand, McNally & Co., or McClurg & Co., of your city. Try also second-hand dealers, where prices are cheaper if they have them.

C. R. Y., Lowville, N. Y.—See answer above to "Subscriber, Leeman, Wis."

P. A. W., Gladewater, Texas.—The only one on our list is The Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, Indianapolis, Ind.

When Pain Follows Physic, the Physic is Wrong

Pain is always a symptom of injury. Gripping means that the physic is harsh—that it irritates.

You injure the bowels when you seek to help them in that way.

The bowel lining—like the skin—becomes calloused if you constantly irritate it.

The hardened lining retards the natural functions. Then you have a chronic condition calling for constant physic. And the calloused bowels demand a heavier dose.

Such physic is wrong. It is wicked. It destroys the very functions that you seek to aid.

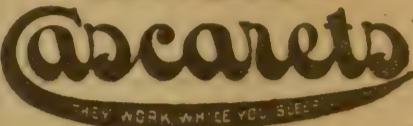
You cause what you seek to cure. One should never take any laxative save Cascarets. They are gentle and natural.

They never irritate the bowels, never gripe. Every effect is curative.

They are as harmless as they are palatable.

One tablet is enough unless the bowels are calloused. The dose never needs increasing. Take them just as you need them to insure one free movement daily.

Cascarets are candy tablets. They are sold by all druggists, but never in bulk. Be sure to get the genuine, with CCC on every tablet. The box is marked like this:



The vest-pocket box is 10 cents. The month-treatment box 50 cents. 12,000,000 boxes sold annually.

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Anxious Maid, Gloversville, N. Y.—It is correct to ask the young man to call. (2) How will he know you want him to call again if you don't tell him so? (3) It is the pastor's place to furnish an escort to take you home after evening service if you are taking his daughter's place at the piano. But you may ask some other escort if you prefer one of your own choice. Or you might give the pastor a tip on which escort to choose for you.

Peter Pan, Gentry, Ark.—The lady does not rise when the gentleman is presented unless she wants to. Some do, some don't. (2) Acknowledging an introduction depends upon yourself. Say anything pleasant and reassuring which fits the occasion. (3) So, too, with a request to accompany you home from anywhere. Say you will be very glad, and that will be plenty, if you can't think of anything to say that the young man would like to hear.

M. S., Kallstad, Minn.—The man should respond in some way to your written apology. That he did not indicates that he never received it, or he was not worth an apology. When you see him again ask him if he received your note. If he says he did, turn your back on him and end the acquaintance, without another word.

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

asked, if "as true as he lived, he believed Lawrence would have offered himself to her if Lillian hadn't surprised them?"

"I'm sure of it," he said; adding as he saw the sparkle in her eyes: "Does it make my little Milly very happy to know that Lawrence Thornton really loves her?"

"Yes, Oliver. It makes me happier than I ever was before in my life. I wish you could, for just one minute, know the feeling of loving someone as I do him."

"Oh, Milly! Milly!"

It was a cry of anguish, wrung from a fainting heart, but Milly thought it a cry of pain. What is it Oliver? she cried, and her soft hand was laid on his face. "Where is the pain? Can I help it? Can I cure it? Oh, I wish I could. There, don't that make it better?" and she kissed the pale lips where there was the shadow of a smile.

"Yes, I'm better," he answered. "Don't Milly, please don't," and he drew back as he saw her about to repeat the kiss.

Milly looked at him in surprise, saying: "Why, Oliver, I thought you loved me." There was reproach in her soft, lustrous eyes, and folding his feeble arms about her, Oliver replied: "Heaven grant that you may never know how much I love you, darling."

She did not understand him even then, but satisfied that it was all well between them, she released herself from his embrace and continued: "Do you think he'll write and finish what he was going to say?"

"Of course he will," answered Oliver, and Milly was about to ask if he believed she'd get the letter next night, when old Hepsey came up and said to her rather stiffly:

"You've talked with him long enough. He's all beat out now. It's curus what little sense some folks has."

"Lanmother," Oliver attempted to say, but Milly's little hand was placed upon his lips, and Milly herself said:

"She's right, Oily. I have worried you to death, I'm afraid I do you more harm than good by coming to see you so often."

He knew she did, but he would not say that she should stay away, even though her thoughtless words caused him many a bitter pang.

"Come again tomorrow," he said, as she went from his side, and telling him she would, she bounded down the stairs, taking with her, as the poor, sick Oliver thought, all the brightness, all the sunshine, and leaving in its stead only weariness and pain.

Up the Col. Spring path she ran, blithe as a singing-bird, for she saw the Judge upon the back piazza, and knew he had returned.

"Come, come here, Gypsy," he cried, and in an instant Milly was at his side. "Broke up in a row, didn't we?" he said, parting back her hair, and tapping her rosy chin. "How far along had he got?"

"He hadn't got along at all," answered Milly, "and I don't believe he was going to say anything, do you?"

Much as he wished to tease her, the Judge could not resist the pleading of those eyes, and he told her all he knew of the matter, bidding her wait patiently until tomorrow night, and see what the mail would bring her.

"Oh, I wish it were tomorrow now," sighed Milly. "I'm afraid there's some mistake, and that he didn't mean me, after all."

Laughing at what he called her nervousness, the Judge walked away to give some orders to his men, and Milly tried various methods of killing time, and making the day seem shorter. Just before sunset she stole away again to Oliver, but Hepsey would not let her see him.

"He's allus was after you've been up there," she said. "He's too weakly to stan' the way you rattle on, so you may as well go back," and Milly went back, wondering how her presence could make Oliver worse, and thinking to herself that she would not go to see him once during the next day, unless, indeed, the letter came, and then she must show it to him—he'd feel so badly if she didn't.

The tomorrow so much wished for came at last, and spite of Milly's belief to the contrary, the hours did go on as usual, until it was five o'clock, and she heard the Judge tell Finn to saddle the horses, and ride with him to the village.

"I am going up the mountain a few miles," he said; and as Milly will want to see the evening papers before my return, you must bring them home."

The Judge knew it was not the papers she wanted, and Milly knew so, too, but it answered quite as well for Finn, who, within half an hour leaving the house, came galloping up the hill.

"Was there anything for me?" asked Milly, meeting him at the gate.

"Yes'm," he answered; "papers by the bushel."

There's the Post, the Spy, the Traveller and—

"Yes, yes," interrupted Milly; "but the letter. Wasn't there a letter?"

"Yes'm," and diving first into one pocket and then into another, Finn handed her the letter.

She knew it by its superscription, and leaving the papers Finn had tossed upon the grass, to be blown about the yard, until they finally fell into the little destructive hands of Rachel's grandbaby, she hurried to her room, and breaking the seal, saw that it was herself and not Lillian Velle whom Lawrence Thornton would have for his bride. Again and again she read the lines so fraught with love, lingering longest over the place where he called her "this beautiful, starry-eyed Milly," telling her "how heavy his heart was when he feared she loved another, and how that heaviness was removed when the Judge explained the matter."

"Write to me at once, darling," he added in conclusion, "and tell me yes, as I know you will, unless I have been most cruelly deceived." "I will write to him this very night," she said, but I will show this to Oliver first. I am sure he is anxious to know if it came," and pressing it to her lips she went flying down to the stable-room.

Hepsey was not this time on guard, and, gliding up the stairs, Milly burst into the room where Oliver lay, partially propped up in bed, so that he could see the fading sunlight shining on the river and on the hill-tops beyond.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent consulting veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large western university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

CRUR.—Our team ran away last fall, and the hind knee of one horse swelled badly. We poulticed and opened it, and in about six weeks the swelling went nearly down and apparently he was over being lame, but the back of the knee joint stays about a third larger than the other one; we think it was caused by the white-flashed hitting his knee and he might have sprained it too. Can we do anything to get it the natural size or would it be better not to work on it?

M. B.
REPLY.—You mean the hock joint; not the knee. Mix together one ounce each of turpentine and tincture of iodine with two ounces of alcohol. With this wet the hair of part once daily and then rub downward very patiently and persistently with a piece of smooth hard wood or a tooth-brush handle. Continue the treatment for months if necessary. We take it that the enlargement is just under the point of the hock; if it is the point of the hock (capped hock) treatment is useless.

CHRONIC FOUNDER.—I have a twelve-year-old mare that seems to be stiff all over. When stopping to rest will put front feet forward as far as possible and when in pasture stands with head down. She is lame in front feet but hasn't any corns or diseases of feet noticeable. The stiffness is mostly in front part. The mare has been stiff for about three years and seems to be getting worse, has never been ridden or driven hard, used for farmwork. In turning will raise both front feet off of ground at same time. I can give but two causes for stiffness. (1) Was shocked by lightning. (2) This being a large mare I worked her under saddle in binder, and in turning would hold back heavy on tongue.

O. F. H.
REPLY.—There is not the slightest doubt that the trouble is chronic founder (laminitis) which is incurable but the condition may be helped by clipping the hair off the hoof-heads and blistering thoroughly with cerate of cantharides every three or four weeks. Use leather soles under her flat bar shoes, covering with tar and oakum dressing or pad.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—We have a peculiar case. Would like to have some information on the case. We have two milch cows that eat pine boards. They will leave their feed to eat them. E. W.

REPLY.—This is common in pregnant cows and those suffering from chronic indigestion. Change the food to mixed nitrogenous rations and in the feed twice daily mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts of powdered wood charcoal and one part each of granular hyposulphite of soda and hydrazine canadensis.

OVERHEATED HORSE.—During the warmest part of last summer one of our horses began to get unruly. When driving he would not turn or back, but would or ran according to his own will, so we could not drive him. After a while he acted as though crazy (which I am sure he was). He would jump up in the manner and if he would be loose, he would go through fences, and anything in his way. The veterinary said it was his stomach that caused it, that the horse suffered from indigestion, causing the blood to rush to his head, and it was that that made him insane. He left some medicine for his stomach, but it did not do any good. I think the heat caused it, as he got those attacks when it was warmest. The horse is about seven years old, and a large and strong work horse. This winter we have driven him once in a while and it doesn't seem to affect him any. He has not had any attacks since last summer. His mother was the same way and had to be killed as there was not any help for it. I think he has inherited it or has been overheated. Do you think there is any cure for it?

R. C.
REPLY.—The brain was affected by the heat and this condition is practically incurable. Have him clipped. Feed very lightly of oats and give no corn in hot weather. Shade his head and him in hottest hours of the day. In feed at times of trouble mix twice daily a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of saltpetre, bicarbonate of soda and flowers of sulphur. See that stable is kept clean and well ventilated. He may never do well in hot weather.

RICKETS.—I have some shotes that cannot stand on their legs, the four legs are affected. I have been using turpentine and lard but it does not do any good. They are about four months old. There were six of them, the same way. I have killed one that could not stand up. F. S.

REPLY.—The tendency to the trouble is hereditary and induced by stunting on corn and allowing too little exercise. Change the breeding stock and stop feeding corn to them, to pregnant and nursing sows and growing pigs. Feed nitrogenous foods including milk, middlings, shorts, bran, oatmeal, flaxseed meal, tankage or blood meal in some combination or another. Mix lime water freely with the slops two or three times a week. Allow free range on grass or clover.

STAGGERS.—I thought I would write for particulars concerning a mare of mine. She takes spells and whickers, trembles, jumps up and down and tries to run. The first time we noticed it was the first of Sept. 1907, then she had another the first of April, this year. Please let me know what is the matter, also what to do. T. M. Jr.

REPLY.—These spells are due to indigestion usually induced by heavy feeding at times when there is no work to be done and no exercise is given. Avoid similar attacks by giving her a room box stall in stable, stopping grain ration at times of idleness and making her work or take plenty of exercise every day, wet or shine.

LIVING ABORTIONS.—Please tell us what is wrong with our cows and calves. We have read up on abortions but it does not describe our trouble at all. The cows seem all right, produce for the milk. Some get up, but won't suck. When about one hour old they begin to bawl, as if something hurt them and keep that up two or three hours and die. The new-born calves seem to come out and seem worse than others; their legs seem to be stiff but they get on their feet and would not be there days later than harder walk. Some of the calves seem to have their legs stiff. This is a new complaint, the first winter calves have been fed here. It is a fine country, little pine bushes everywhere, cattle will eat grain and hay. In all wild hay that is put up there is more or less pine bushes. Do you think that would cause it? Some think that is the trouble; others that it is the climate. Two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Now do you think it is the trouble, that they would bring calves all right or would it so disease them that they would always be the same? They only eat the pine needles in the winter. We feed from sixty

to ninety days, feed oats, barley, wheat, hay, alfalfa and wild hay. We will be very thankful if you can help us in our trouble. C. K.

REPLY.—The calves are not perfectly nourished in the womb and the eating of pine boughs may have something to do with the trouble. We certainly would shut the cows in yards during winter and be sure to feed plenty of wheat bran along with the other foods. Make sure that there is no ergot in the rye or barley as it might have a similar effect. If the drinking water happens to be extra soft give the cows lime water freely two or three times a week.

ECZEMA.—I have a mare that has lumps about the size of a pea. They break out and then dry up in scabs and appear to itch all of the time. What is it? Is there a cure for it? J. R.

REPLY.—Have her clipped and give her half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until she is well then very gradually stop the medicine; do not stop it suddenly. To affected parts apply as required a lotion composed of two drams of ichthyol and an ounce of glycerine in a pint of water.

BARREN COW.—I have a cow that came fresh just a year ago, she did not clean herself for nearly a week. One of my neighbors told me to pull the afterbirth away by wrapping a stick around same. I only pulled a little at a time every day but it was nearly a week before it came away. I have had her away several times for service and she comes in heat about every month, but I don't think that she has ever taken up yet and she has gone down in her milk till she gives only a quart a day. She is about eight or nine years old and a good milker. She was due to come fresh the 20th of this month but I don't think that she is with calf at all as she was in heat only last week. Now do you think the cow was hurt last calving time or why does she not give more milk and is there anything I can give her to make her get with calf again?

G. W. R.
REPLY.—I would also like to ask about a sow that farrowed her first litter about a month ago. She is down on her hind quarters and n't get up; some say she has kidney worms. She eats well but can't get up to walk. What is the cause and what can I give her?

I also have two horses that eat good but do not get fat, are always pawing and neighing for more, both show their ribs; one has a dry cough, they also have worms. I saw one of them passing, a part of a long white worm. Now what can I give them for cough and worms, one of them is hard to give anything to in feed or otherwise, we live out in the country and there is no veterinary anywhere around.

G. W. R.
REPLY.—(1) Barrenness in this case is due to absorption of morbid matters from retained afterbirth. Once a week inject into the vagina a mixture yeast made as follows: Mix one cake of compressed yeast to a paste with a little warm water and allow to stand in a moderately warm room for twelve hours; then stir in a pint of lukewarm water and allow to stand as before. Then strain and inject by means of syringe or hose and funnel. Have her served each time she comes in heat. Continue treatment until she conceives. Do not repeat until she comes in heat after service. (2) Kidney worms do not cause the paralysis. It is a form of rickets and practically incurable. It usually comes from pampering (on corn) and lack of exercise. If she is in good condition kill her for meat. (3) Mix in the feed night and morning a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts dried sulphate of iron, salt, flowers of sulphur and ground gentian root. Continue for ten days; give ten days and repeat. This will kill the worms which cause the thin condition.

BALKY HORSE.—We have a good horse; she is gentle and good. But sometimes she is balky and then she would not draw the entire wagon, but other times she draws all right. Could you give me any cure for her? The horse is only six years old. Miss H. E.

REPLY.—Each time she balks unharness her and tie the halter rope to her tail, in a slip knot, so that her head is held around to her side. Now make her get around in a circle until she is ready to fall at which stage hitch her up again and she should pull all right. A few lessons of the sort should improve her manners wonderfully.

CHOKED.—I have a thoroughbred Poland China sow; her first litter of eight pigs was all large and looked healthy and did well, but after about three days they began to shake as if they would freeze to death, couldn't stand still at all, kept it up until about two months old and finally got well; it didn't seem to hurt them or stop their growth at all, but they would shake so they would sometimes tilt over on their heads. The sow was fat at farrowing time. Please give cause and remedy. C. G. C.

REPLY.—They had chorea (St. Vitus' dance) which is a hereditary nervous disorder rarely recovered from. Make the sow live an outdoor life, and if her next litter is similarly affected better retire her from breeding.

THIN COW.—I write you in regard to an ailment of my cow, she is so poor. We feed her on corn fodder and clover hay and she wastes nearly half of her feed every meal. She will not drink but very little water each day and some days she does not drink any at all. We salt her regularly three times a week; she averages from one half to a gallon of milk each milking; she has been fresh about six months. Mrs. C. D.

REPLY.—We are unable to say what is the matter. She may have tuberculosis and it therefore would be best to have her examined by a veterinarian. We have seen similar symptoms shown by a cow affected with "wooden tongue"; a form of actinomycosis (lump jaw) due to the ray fungus.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have a puppy (a bird dog) about four months old; it eats heartily and grows. But has what the neighbors call mange. It has lost most all of its hair and seems to itch terribly, and keeps its ears sore by scratching them. It sleeps under the house in the chimney. Miss B. B.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have some dogs that have a breaking out on them; the hair comes out on the skin and turns red. I take it to be mange. It proved fatal to several last summer. A. R. E.

REPLY.—Fleas are a likely cause but it may be parasitic mange. Once a week wash him in a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip; and three times a week rub on affected parts an ointment made by mixing together one part each of ichthyol and flowers of sulphur with six parts of lard.

VETERINARY BOOK.—(1) I would like to know the author and address of the best veterinary book that I can get or where and to whom to write to get it. (2) I would like to have a good remedy for balky horses. (3) Is there any way that mares that have been injured or torn in foaling can be bred and raise colts? J. W. S.

REPLY.—Buy copies of the government books on diseases of horses and cattle. They may be ordered of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. price sixty-five cents each. (2) See answer under head of "Balky horse" in this issue. (3) The tear between the vulva and anus can only be repaired in a few cases and only at time of injury. Affected mares should not be bred.

SHIRE STUD BOOK.—Can you give me the address of the American Stud Book for the Shire horses as I have a colt that I want to register. J. S. M.

REPLY.—Charles Burgess, Secretary, Wenona, Ill.

SPAVIN.—I have a horse that has spavin on his left hind leg, and he gets so lame, that I can't use him to work with at all times. I doctored with a veterinarian all winter and the horse is no better. I would like to remove it if you can tell me how. H. C. H.

REPLY.—Have the spavin fired and blistered by a qualified veterinarian and then keep the horse tied up in stall for six months during which time he must not lie down or be allowed to move back and forth. The entire hock joint should be fired.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—I would very much like to know what makes my mules and horses know the fences and trough and inside the stalls where they can get with their teeth. C. A. M.

REPLY.—The horses have indigestion and probable cause is overfeeding on one kind of grain such as corn. Change to a ration of oats and bran along with good hay. Allow free access to rock salt and in feed night and morning until well, mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts powdered wood charcoal, ground gentian and ginger root and sulphur.

CHOKING.—I have a mule that if he is worked a little he gets stiff and bellowing, her tongue gets purple and it lasts about half an hour. Some say it is the choking guinea, and some say that the mule has a cob in her windpipe. Please let me know what I can do to relieve her. She has had it about a month. V. A. S.

REPLY.—There is possibly an obstruction in the windpipe, but not a corn cob. It may be a tumor or a stricture. In some cases however mechanical choking is due to thickened glands about throat and horse getting head down when pulling hard; or the collar may not fit. Work mule in breast collar and with an overhead check.

WART.—I want to know what will take warts off. I have a mule that has a wart on her throat under her jaw about the size of a large hen's egg; it stays raw all of the time. Mrs. R. M.

REPLY.—Tie a small cord very tightly around the base of the wart or put on a few small rubber bands every other day and once daily wet the growth with a solution of one ounce of sulphate of zinc in four ounces of water. If the wart has a broad base simply wet it once daily with glacial acetic acid applied drop by drop.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare which is lame on her left fore leg, don't know cause of lameness, worse on hard road, has groove or concave ring around or a little below hair. My diagnosis is chronic founder. L. L.

REPLY.—Clip the hair from hoof-heads and blister at intervals of three or four weeks using cerate of cantharides for the work.

HEAVES.—Will you please inform me through your columns if there is any medicine I can get that will cure a horse from heaves? I have a young mare that contracted it this winter. P. G.

REPLY.—I have two horses that have heaves, they do not have it so very bad, but still it troubles them some. What information can you give me in the way of curing them. They do not cough much. The one that has it the worst drinks and eats a great deal. Can you give me a remedy? E. C. N.

REPLY.—Heaves is incurable, but the distress may be relieved by giving half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning, wetting all food, feeding out straw in winter and grass in summer in place of hay and allowing twice the usual amount of rest after meals.

VOMITING.—Have a pig about four months old that vomits after every meal, sometimes immediately and sometimes it is five or ten minutes afterward. It does not seem sick and has grown nice. Has a warm clean pen and is fed middlings with slop (which has no milk or soap in it). It has done this almost ever since we got it at six weeks of age. She eats very greedily and is fed four times each day. Do you think she is diseased? J. E.

REPLY.—Indigestion is the cause and worms may be present. Mix one fourth part of lime water with the slop and as soon as vomiting ceases give her ten grains of dried sulphate of iron in her feed three times daily for a week and repeat after an interval of ten days. Do not give this medicine to a pregnant sow.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—We have a three-year-old horse that his right eye is weak and watery. The lids swell some and the sight gets yellow, commencing at the bottom and going upwards. He is supposed to have hurt the eye when a colt. The eye at times goes nearly out, then gets better and is all right for a month or two. Can you tell me what to do for it through Comfort? E. W. R.

REPLY.—There is no cure. The disease is periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and is hereditary so that affected animals should not be used for breeding. At times of attack keep eye covered with a soft cloth to be kept wet with a lotion composed of half a dram each of sulphate of zinc and fluid extract of belladonna leaves and ten drops of pure carbolic acid in a quart of cold water. Darken stable.

For lack of space several answers have been omitted which will appear next month.

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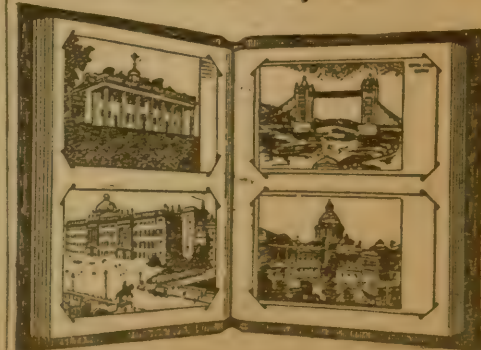
YOUR HEART

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Our Fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 20 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of six Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal question which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty (20) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT, thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, enclosing the same to "THE HOME LAWYER, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

H. M. T.—You should address the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington, D. C.

H. S. R.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that while legally some criminal proceeding might lie to correct the state of affairs you mention, practically such a proceeding would involve so much loss of time and expense to the one instigating it, that in our opinion the better way to proceed would be by a civil action on contract.

C. A. L.—We are of the opinion that you should submit your complaint to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and get their permission under the Pure Food and Drug Act. After you have procured this comply with whatever local license requirements your locality requires.

M. A. W.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that the woman you mention can convey the property you mention without her husband joining in the deed. (2) If the groceries you mention were used and consumed by the family of which the woman you mention was the head, we think she can be compelled to pay for them.

W. H.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that unless in some way the judgment you mention has been taken out of the statute of limitation, and if you are correct in your statement that the full time has elapsed, your father cannot collect from the man you mention, unless on a suit brought for that purpose he should fail to plead the statute of limitation.

M. E. W.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that all real property acquired by either the husband or wife during the marriage continues their common property, over which the husband has the control. We think that, if the woman you mention first obtains a divorce against the man you mention, she could then take the title to the property you mention and have independent control of it.

L. E.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion, that the owner of the property purchased by you at the tax sale may redeem the property within two years by paying the purchase money with interest at the rate of thirty per cent. per annum, fifteen per cent. damages and costs, one year after removal of disability given to persons of unsound mind and married women have five years after notice of sale to redeem, when sale has been made to other than State. If the sale was regular in every way and property is not redeemed, we are of the opinion that you will acquire a tax title to the property.

J. E. T.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the title of the woman you mention to the property you mention passes at her death, and that her husband would not be entitled to any interest therein.

Mrs. C. C.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that upon the death of this man, leaving no will, and leaving no issue, his property, both real and personal will descend to his wife, if she survives him.

W. C. M.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that A. by the proper action can compel B. to settle and adjust the claim he holds against B.

Mrs. J. M. B.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion, that such a transfer of the property you mention, in the manner you mention, can be legally accomplished either direct from your husband to you or by a double transaction through some other person. We do not think it necessary for the deed to be recorded at once to make it a valid transfer, but it must be acknowledged before a notary public, or other officer having power to take acknowledgments. The delivery of this deed to you is sufficient to convey the property; the recording of it protects your title as against others to whom your husband might attempt to convey this same property, and also against subsequent creditors of your husband, it is always safer to record the deed, but it is frequently not done at once. It should be drawn by a lawyer or some one having experience in such matters as a defect in the deed might affect your title to the property. It might be wise for him to make a will in addition to the deed if you intend holding the deed off record.

D. A. S.—The municipality you mention has a legal right to take a portion of your property for sidewalks by condemnation proceedings if they can show that such use is a benefit to the general public, but we do not think that you or any other individual can acquire your neighbor's property for your own private use under such a proceeding.

D. L.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion, that you are entitled to pay for your services, for such portion of the time as is not based by the statute of limitations (six years), unless in some way by your own acts you have defeated your own claim, such as continuing to perform the duties after a refusal on the part of your father to pay for your services, or in some other way.

E. P.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that the man you mention cannot cut off, by his will, his wife from a one third interest in his real estate; and that subject to this he can dispose of his property by his will as he sees fit. (2) Undue influence is a ground upon which a will can be contested, but the mere fact that your husband, by his will, disposed of his property in a way not in accordance with your ideas would not of itself be a ground for contesting it.

Mrs. M. R.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion, that the property of either the man or woman mentioned upon their death, leaving no will, will descend and be distributed as follows: The real estate, subject to the widow's right of dower, or to the husband's estate of entury, to their children, by their different marriages, in equal shares, the children of any deceased child taking their parent's share and that the personal property after the payment of debts will be distributed in like manner, except a husband or wife takes a child's place. (2) All children born in lawful wedlock are at law considered legitimate children and entitled to their share of inheritance. In case this man or woman you mention wish to dispose of their property in a different way, it will be necessary for them to draw wills.

Anxious.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion, that, in the event of the death of a man leaving no will, his property will be divided as follows: The real estate, subject to the dower of his wife of a one half part for life, to his child or children, or, in case he leaves no child or children, to his other blood descendants; and that the personal property is divided in like manner, except that the wife would get one half absolutely and the balance would go as above described, and that the widow cannot sell the real estate of her name child without a decree of some court of competent jurisdiction authorizing her to do so. In case this man wishes to make any other disposition of his property he should draw a will.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Strawberry Ice

Boil a quart of water and two and one half cups of sugar for ten minutes, strain, and add a cup and one half of strained strawberry juice. Freeze very solid.

"Affliction is not sent in vain from the good God who chastens those that he loves." Read the personal letter by COMFORT'S Publisher on page 2.

Strawberry Sherbert

Serve the ice made as above in little glasses and pour, over each a little wine.

Strawberry Tapioca

Cover a cup of tapioca with a quart of cold water and cook it in a double boiler till clear. Mash a pint of berries, rub them through a sieve, and add a cup of sugar; put these with the tapioca, and mix, take from the fire, and cool; when nearly cold pour over all a quart of hulled sweetened berries. Serve with cream.

Strawberry Castards

Half fill custard-cups with bits of sponge-cake. Make a rich custard with a pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, and a heaping tablespoonful of sugar. Flavor it very slightly with almond or vanilla, and add half a cup of finely chopped almonds. Put a few small berries on the cake, pour over the warm custard, and let all grow cold; then add a large spoonful of whipped cream to each and a few berries. Stand the cups on a platter, and surround with strawberry leaves and some large berries.

Strawberry Shortcake

Into one pint of sifted flour put half a teaspoonful salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and mix thoroughly. Rub in one fourth cup butter until like fine meal. Add gradually one cup sweet milk, mixing and cutting with a knife, and use just enough to make it of a light spongy consistency, as soft as can be handled. Flours vary, and some kinds will not take up the full cup of liquid. Scrape the dough out upon a well-floured board, and toss it about until covered with flour, then knead it until smooth, divide into two equal parts and roll them out size of an ordinary pie plate and about half an inch thick. Lay one on a greased cake tin, spread softened butter over the surface, then lay the other cake on lightly and bake in a quick oven about fifteen minutes. When baked pull them apart carefully and spread the inside of each generously with butter. Lay one on a large round dish, with room enough on the edge for the syrup—and cover with the prepared strawberries, then put on the other cake, buttered side up, and pour the remainder of the strawberries over the top.

Mash one quart of strawberries with one cup of sugar, or more if very tart, and use not quite half for the middle layer. To many tastes this shortcake needs no cream, the syrup from the sweetened and mashed fruit combining with the melted butter makes the best sauce possible, and there should be plenty to run over the edge and fill the dish. A shortcake with whole berries is not worthy the name, for there is no juice. They may be sliced and sweetened if very hard. One-third lard and two-thirds butter may be used, and if you care for a richer cake use half a cup in all, but I prefer that this extra butter be used on the hot cake.

Use from one to two rounded tablespoonfuls sugar if you like the dough sweetened, but not more, unless you want it to be a cake instead of a form of bread. Shortcakes originally took the place of hot biscuit for tea, and it is only a comparatively recent custom to serve them as a dessert. Some people like a combination of flavors, and use a very small amount, half a saltspoonful, perhaps, of nutmeg or cinnamon, or a little lemon rind, or extract; but to our mind the strawberry flavor is not improved by any such additions.

The butter and berry juice do not soak into the cakes so much when they are baked in this way as when they are baked thicker, in single cakes and split.

Rhubarb Pie

Wash the rhubarb and cut off the root and leaf end, but do not peel it, unless very tough, for the pink skin gives a fine color and flavor. If it is a very sour variety pour boiling water over it and let it stand five minutes, then drain it. Put the rhubarb, cut into inch pieces, into a deep dish, earthen or granite, and sprinkle over one level cup of sugar to each heaped pint of rhubarb. If you like the syrup thick, mix one level tablespoonful of cornstarch with the sugar. Add also one saltspoonful salt. Cover with a rich pastry crust and bake about half an hour.

MRS. ROSE SMITH.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents a year and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of twelve cards for clubs of three, or twenty-five for a club of five. Cards for clubs of three, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the Postals. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Miss Nell Cousins, 1204 4th St., Eureka, Cal.
Pearl Forkner, Ararat, N. C. Miss Jessie Dunn,

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

25 Cream Wave Envelopes neatly Printed with your name and address and 25 High Grade Visiting Cards all for 10c., post-paid. J. P. WEIGHER, 563 Twenty-Fifth St., Dubuque, Iowa.

AGENTS for Kerosene, Incandescent Mantle Lamp. Twelve times cheaper than gas, seven times cheaper than ordinary Kerosene lamp. Big Bonanza. CONTINENTAL CO., 335 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—\$75 Monthly. Combination Rolling Pin, Nine Articles Combined. Lightning seller. Sample Free. Forshee Mfg. Co., D164, Dayton, O.

AGENTS. You need my goods. Free sample. Please, postpaid. Write today. SAYMAN, 2196 Franklin Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

LADY SEWERS make Sanitary Belts at home—materials furnished—\$15 per hundred. Particulars stamped envelope. Sent 20. Deschen Specialty Co., Chicago.

25 POST CARDS 10c. Twenty-five colored, glossy, Chicago, Post Cards. No. 1. Postpaid. No. 2. Postpaid. No. 3. Postpaid. No. 4. Postpaid. No. 5. Postpaid. No. 6. Postpaid. No. 7. Postpaid. No. 8. Postpaid. No. 9. Postpaid. No. 10. Postpaid. No. 11. Postpaid. No. 12. Postpaid. No. 13. Postpaid. No. 14. Postpaid. No. 15. Postpaid. No. 16. Postpaid. No. 17. Postpaid. No. 18. Postpaid. No. 19. Postpaid. No. 20. Postpaid. No. 21. Postpaid. No. 22. Postpaid. No. 23. Postpaid. No. 24. Postpaid. No. 25. Postpaid. No. 26. Postpaid. No. 27. Postpaid. No. 28. Postpaid. No. 29. Postpaid. No. 30. Postpaid. No. 31. Postpaid. No. 32. Postpaid. No. 33. Postpaid. No. 34. Postpaid. No. 35. Postpaid. No. 36. Postpaid. No. 37. Postpaid. No. 38. Postpaid. No. 39. Postpaid. No. 40. Postpaid. No. 41. Postpaid. No. 42. Postpaid. No. 43. Postpaid. No. 44. Postpaid. No. 45. Postpaid. No. 46. Postpaid. No. 47. Postpaid. No. 48. Postpaid. No. 49. Postpaid. No. 50. Postpaid. No. 51. Postpaid. No. 52. Postpaid. 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Virgie's Inheritance

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CHAPTER XL.

THE EPILOGUE.

MRS. ALEXANDER smiled at the young lover's ardor. "Mr. Hamilton," she said, as he concluded, "to be frank with you, I must tell you that I have been expecting a request of this nature from you for some time."

Rupert looked a trifle surprised at this declaration.

"A mother's eyes are sharp," the lady resumed, "and it has not required much penetration to see that you were learning to regard my Virgie with more than friendly affection; besides, Mr. Knight told me of the conversation that he had with you at San Jose. I will confess to you freely that I was very much opposed to the idea of having Virgie become the wife of an Englishman. I had reason for the prejudice, which I will explain to you some other time; and I resolved you two should not meet again if I could help it. That was the reason why I left New York so early. The moment Virgie introduced you to me, on board the Cephalonia, I felt that I was powerless. I must admit, however, Mrs. Alexander added, "that I was disarmed of my prejudices before I had known you many hours, and as I became better acquainted with you, I was convinced I should be proud to give my daughter to so true a man; and so, you have my full and free permission to win my darling if you can, and."

"Oh, thank you!" Rupert cried, "you have made me the happiest man in London."

"I like to see young people happy," Mrs. Alexander replied. "But now tell me something about yourself and your family; I should not like to make inquiries about you of other people."

"There is not very much to tell," Rupert said. "I am an orphan; my mother died when I was an infant; my father was a major in her majesty's service, and the only relatives I have living are an uncle and his family, by the name of Shafonsbury, so my home has been with my guardian in Hampshire County."

"Ah! Hampshire! Who is your guardian?" hastily asked Mrs. Alexander.

"He was my father's dearest friend, Sir," began Rupert, but before he could speak the name the door opened, and Virgie stood upon the threshold, and the young man, forgetting both question and answer, sprang forward to greet her.

COMFORT'S MISSION. Read our special editorial on page 15.

The conversation became general then for a little while; but by and by Mrs. Alexander excused herself, saying she had letters to write, and left the young couple alone; and when the door closed after her mother, he arose and came to her side, she knew instinctively what was trembling on his lips.

"My darling," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "I have just told your mother that I love you, and she has given me leave to win you if I can. Tell me, dear, that you love me—that you will be my wife."

He knelt by her side and gathered the two small hands that lay upon her lap into his, while he searched the lovely downcast face with his eager eyes.

"You do love me, my darling!" he cried, drawing her into his arms. "Virgie, you will give yourself to me?"

"Yes," she whispered, "you made me love you on that journey."

"Oh, if I had known it then I fear I could not have held my peace," he interrupted, laying his lips fondly against her forehead. "I had, in fact, to run away from you at San Jose lest I should violate all bonds and betray myself in spite of the caution of Mr. Knight, who said I must wait until you were safely back with your mother."

"Did Mr. Knight suspect?" faltered Virgie, growing crimson again.

"Indeed he did. He was right, too, dear, for I would have been rash and imprudent for me to have tried to win you then, and I honored him for restraining me, though it required a terrible wrench for me to tear myself away from you; but I knew my only safety was in flight. I resolved, however, that I would settle the question when I returned to New York; but I was very miserable when I came back in May and could not find you."

"And I, too, Rupert," Virgie confessed. "I thought it very hard when the doctor ordered mamma away just at the very time when I was looking for you; but of course I could not say a word, for her health was of more importance than anything else, while—"

"While what, Virgie?" her lover asked, as she stopped in confusion.

"While I was not sure that I was nourishing a delusion; and, taking it all in all, I was very wretched."

"Ah! and you have been loving me all this time?" Rupert breathed. "And I have been fearing that you might send me away hopeless?"

"I could not send you away, Rupert."

"Oh, Virgie, I hope I shall not wake to find this all a dream," he breathed, as he folded her closer in his arms, and drew her head upon his breast.

"Do not fear," the young girl returned, looking archly up into his eyes.

"How will it be, my Virgie—can you be content to remain in England, or will you pine for your native land?"

"It is said that 'home is where the heart is,' and if you are to live in England, I am afraid that America would not seem very home-like to me," Virgie confessed, with a shy smile that was very bewildering.

"Then you will not mind becoming an English matron?" Rupert observed, with a caress that endangered the glossy tresses.

"Yes, I think I shall mind it very much," Virgie retorted; "so much that I should be unhappy to be anything else. Besides," she added, more gravely, "my father was an Englishman."

"Is it possible? But I do not think that Alexander is an English name," Rupert returned. "Of what portion of England was he a native?"

"I do not know, Rupert," Virgie said, looking troubled. "I imagine there is something about my father that mamma has never been willing to tell me."

"Do you remember him?"

"Oh, no; I never saw him. He was called home to England a few weeks before my birth, and was lost."

"Lost at sea! Mrs. Alexander must have been very young."

"Yes, she was only a little over twenty."

"You will probably visit your father's home now that you are here," Rupert remarked.

"I asked mamma that one day, and she grew so white that I was frightened. She remarked that that was one object she had in coming abroad, but it was chiefly for my sake."

Mrs. Alexander entered at that moment, and smiled, although Virgie was sure that there was a suspicious redness about her eyes, as if she had been weeping.

"I have won her," Mrs. Alexander. Rupert said, taking Virgie by the hand and leading her to her mother. "This dear girl has promised to be my wife, and I am sure you will give us your blessing and congratulations."

"Indeed I will," she responded, heartily, though she appeared greatly agitated as she drew Virgie into her arms and tenderly kissed her blushing cheek; "and I give her to you very willingly, because I feel sure that you are worthy of her, and I am confident that you will make each other happy. Still," she added, a little sadness in her voice, "it is not an easy thing for a mother to give away her only child, or to feel that she has been supplanted in her affections."

"Not supplanted, mamma—do not say that!"

cried Virgie, "It could not be! I could never love you less, even though I—"

Even though you love Rupert more," interposed her mother, archly. "I expect that, of course, and would not have it otherwise. I wish you to be all in all to each other, and," her voice growing husky with emotion, "may no cloud ever dim your happiness; may nothing ever come between you to mar your confidence in each other. Oh, my darling," she cried, in a voice of agony, as she folded the lovely girl to her heart, "I would rather lay you away in your grave today than to have you live to suffer what I have suffered."

"Mamma," cried Virgie, looking up anxiously, "what can you mean?"

"Forgive me," said her mother, "but your happiness brought back all my own early hopes, that were most cruelly blighted."

Virgie stood back and looked gravely into her mother's face.

"Mamma," she said, with a seriousness that was new to her, "I fear that you have been hiding something from me all my life. If you have known any great trouble in the past; if, as I surmise, it is connected with my father, I feel that you ought to confide in me, and let me at least sympathize with your sorrow."

Mrs. Alexander grew very thoughtful at these words.

"Sit down, my children, and listen to me. I believe the time has come when I should open my heart to you, my Virgie, and since Rupert is now one of us it will be just as well for him to hear the story that I have to tell you at the same time. Perhaps, too," she added, turning to Rupert, who had drawn his betrothed back to her seat upon the sofa, "you may be able to give some advice regarding a duty which I have soon to perform."

She sat down near the lovers as she ceased speaking, for it seemed almost like going to her own execution to confess the wrongs which had been the death-blow to all the hopes of her own youth.

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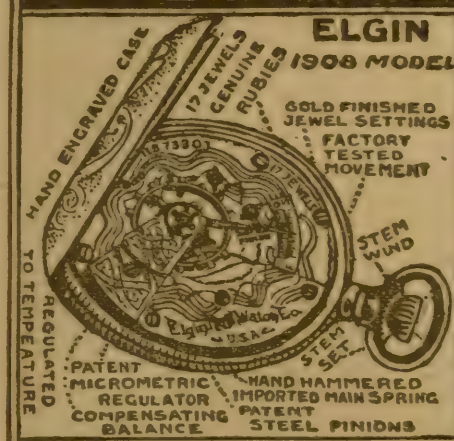
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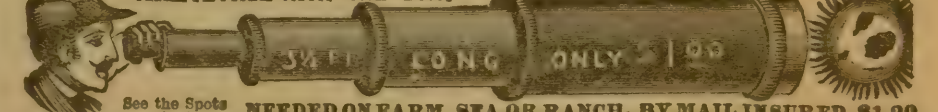


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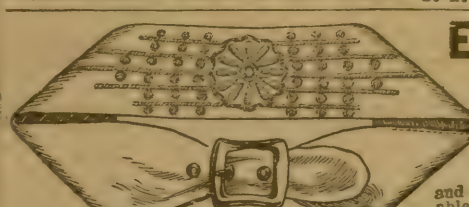
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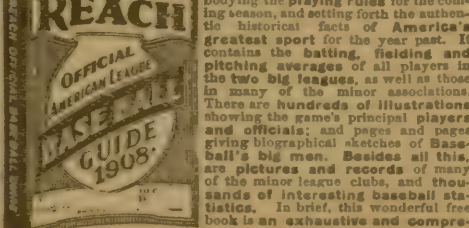
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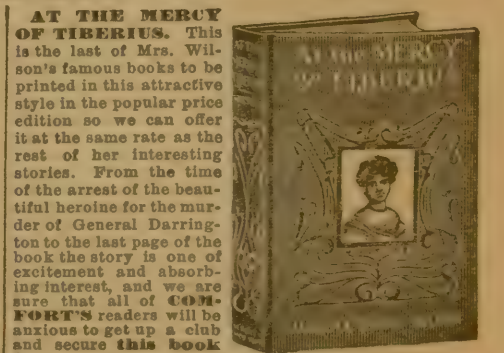
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The bunch of two Jack Roses, are those beautiful dark red shade not had in any other Rose, and this cluster with the two very large full-blown roses, and natural green leaves with rubber-covered stems are indeed an attractive decoration for Hats or Bonnets, and would be very expensive if bought of a City Milliner. We also have this same style roses in black for the older persons.

Six Marguerites or Daisies are next shown at bottom of page and there is no need of further description. As shown by our illustration, they are large full-blown blossoms, perfect in shape and natural in color, the snow white petal with orange center; this illustration shows the bunch in a reduced size, the flowers themselves being nearly three inches each in diameter and the entire bunch with stems measures 6½ by 12 inches.

For a modest and extremely fashionable trimming you will make no mistake in using these attractive Marguerites.

Next in the lower left corner we show a sample cluster in reduced size of three Bachelor's Buttons, taken from a cluster or wreath of nearly fifty, arranged similar to the roses, for trimming a brim around its entire length, or to be used with other flowers in any pretty way that suggests itself. Just think, nearly fifty of these pretty blue blossoms in a single wreath nearly 3½ inches wide and two feet long, with green leaves or foliage and stems, making in this one piece enough trimming for any hat, even as large as the now famous and much worn "Merry Widow Sailor."

In addition to the few selections here shown, we have a tremendous stock of other suitable trimming flowers, a portion of which we briefly describe elsewhere.

This present summer of all summers yet come and gone, the use of flowers for ladies' and children's hats predominates as never before, and it is very fashionable, and being done on nearly every hat, to arrange several kinds of flowers on one hat, mingling many different styles and colors together, with effective results.

There are countless readers of **COMFORT** everywhere throughout this universe who regularly trim their own hats; a hat frame or skeleton is inexpensive, you may have an old frame you want to retrim, but the trimmings and the labor are an expense, if bought of regular milliners during their rush season, for this reason we feel that this opportunity is not only a new and welcome opportunity for our readers removed from the City stores and Centers, but a method of actual saving for them, as we have not placed a regular milliner's value on any single piece we carry, instead we have imported a quantity with the one object in view of eliciting the aid of many ladies in our subscription work sacrificing our profits, if we can aid the ladies, and secure the many new subscriptions these liberal offers are sure to bring.

Should you have the knack of trimming Hats sufficiently at your command to be able to undertake a little home millinery this is your special privilege to obtain the decorative flowers at no cost, a forenoon spent at subscription canvassing for **COMFORT** will earn for you a quantity of material, sufficient to enable you to take orders to trim a dozen hats, thus giving you occupation for the other spare time you have, and you can charge just what you like for your goods and services, as people who will not take time to earn their own flowers from us will surely buy them of you.

There is a tremendous field for work of this sort, and now that many workers are idle, economy must be practiced, and this makes the possibilities even more alluring to you.

In view of the fact that no investment is required, as you do not spend a cent, and are called upon to make only one trial, certainly there is little at stake with splendid results; if you win even a club of but five yearly subscriptions at 20 cents each, amounting to but one dollar, will give you stock sufficient to begin business.

At any rate, you have one hat of your own, either old or new style, a child's hat that needs a new flower or flowers, so select whatever piece appeals to you either from among the pieces shown or from the larger hat described, send for that and convince yourself how good and how reasonable are our flowers and our offers. You will be astonished with so much value for so little.

List of Flower Assortments Not Illustrated

417. Spray of six Pink and White Snow Balls. Perfect shapes with green leaves and stem. Very pretty and effective. The whole cluster is five inches wide and ten long, each Snow Ball being two inches wide.

256. Bunch of Ox Heart Cherries with large green leaves. Cherries shown in usual colorings, from deep dark to light colorings of ripe fruit. Eight extremely large and natural color and shape leaves make this extremely effective, as the leaves cover an area of 32 square inches.

428. Bunch or Cluster of Twelve Blue Forget-Me-Not's. Made of silk velvet with red and yellow petal. A striking decoration for Bonnets and smaller Hats. Comes in Blue, Pink and White. Together the cluster forms a sizable bunch larger than a cup.

415. Twelve Crimson Ramblers in a cluster with no leaves. Beautiful deep pink or Cerise color are decidedly beautiful with long wire stems, are an attractive decoration. Entire length is twelve inches, and four inches broad.

443. A Fine Imported Muslin Rose, bunched in three and as these large Roses are extremely popular this season this is a splendid number. Color pink, only, with cup center. Nine inches long and seven inches wide.

350. A Choice Imported Lily of the Valley, intermingled with foliage. An extremely popular and pretty trimming. The spray is three inches wide and nine inches long with countless blossoms.

125. Two Beautiful Black Roses American Beauty effect with cup center. Especially effective as a mourning flower. Made of best muslin, fast color, nine and a half inches long, over four inches wide.

128. Three American Beauty Black Roses with foliage, large effective cup-shaped Roses with long covered stems. Ten inches long and three and one half inches wide is this splendid bunch.

595. A Pretty Bunch of Imported Daisies; Yellow with brown centers, intermingled with foliage with long covered stems. Six blossoms in this bunch. Six inches wide, with extremely long stems, making the bunch nearly 14 inches long.

605. Cluster of Five Dreyfus Rose Ends. A most beautiful pale pink flower made of imported muslin with pretty green leaf foliage and covered stems. Makes a dainty trimming for Hat of any size or shape. Over five inches across and a foot long is this bunch.

1010. A Handsome Spray of Thirty-six Imported Moss Roses, intermingled with plenty of foliage and long muslin stems. Pretty pink and green colorings, is eight inches long.

256. An Elegant Wreath of Velvet Forget-Me-Not's with foliage. Eighteen inches long with foliage. Excellent for trimming Children's Hats. Durable and fast color. Is two thirds of a yard long with innumerable blossoms.

463. Twelve-inch Spray of Large Pink Roses. Three Roses arranged in wreath effect, one above the other with green foliage, effective to lay on wide hat brim. Beautiful pink color. Each Rose is full blown and over two and a half inches through, in width.

434. The Prettiest Effect in Our Assortment. A Round Cluster of dark red Roses, tiny full-blown buds made of Silk Velvet, with green foliage. Stunning with any other trimming for young or old person. This cluster is nearly round and is twelve inches in circumference.

339. Bunch of White Grapes. Three clusters with ripe grapes nestling in spray of leaves. Very natural and pretty. Fourteen inches long and five inches wide will cover a large surface.

3280. Spray or Bunch of Wood Violets, with three large green leaves, delicate and dainty. Extremely stylish. Several of these bunches used together make striking appearance, and will effectively decorate a large Hat, as each bunch is over five inches wide.

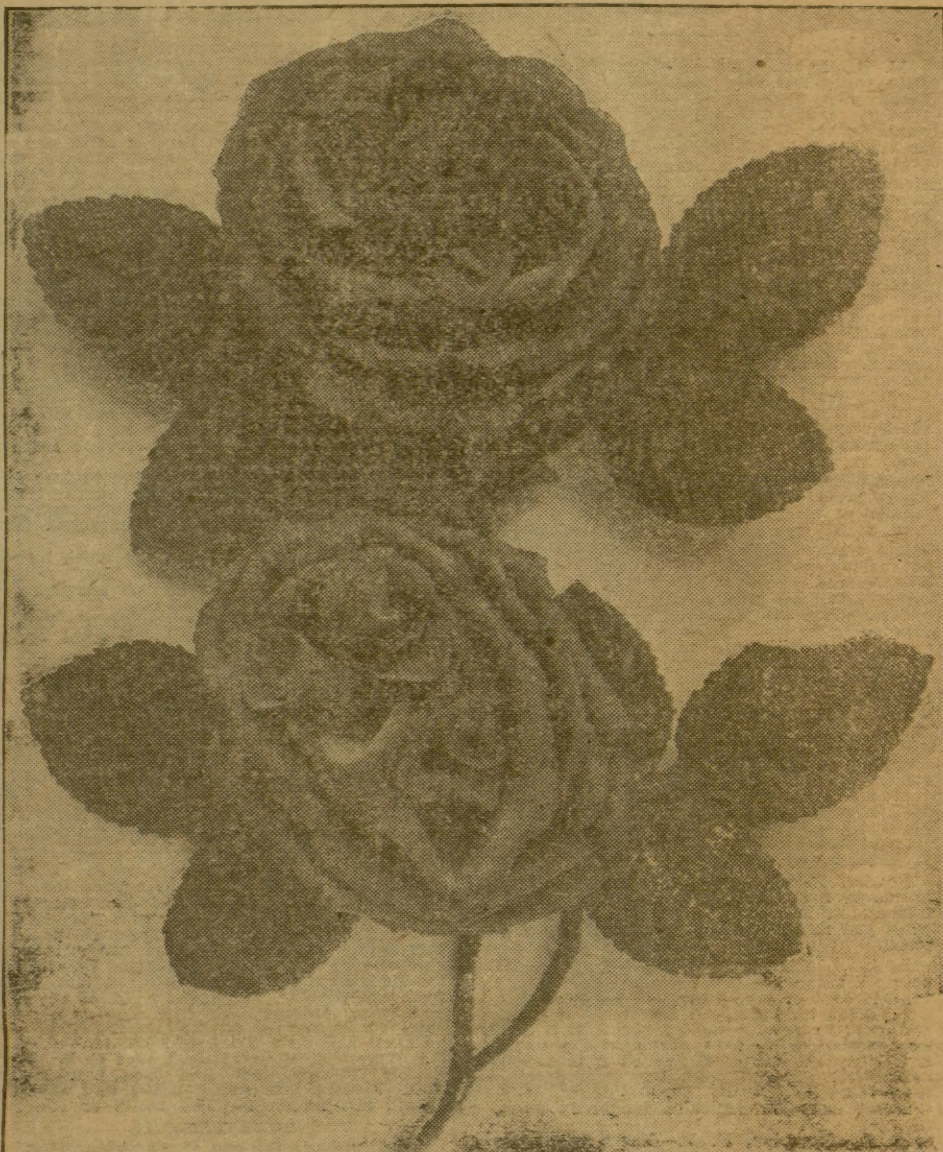
55. Long Stem Plant Rose. Large full-blown red Rose with one bud, on wire and rubber stem 18 inches long. This is a splendid ornament for Hat or for use as table decoration and in vases. Several make a most beautiful bunch, difficult to distinguish from real Roses. Colorings true to life. Each Rose in full bloom is three and a half inches in width and has a profusion of petals.

201. Spray of Apple Blossoms, seven in all, tinted from white to delicate pink edges, with profusion of green foliage. Ten inches in length and over five wide, makes a spread over a large surface.



NO. 359. FROM WREATH OF BACHELOR'S BUTTONS, CONTAINING ABOUT 50 BLOSSOMS, CLUSTERS 3 1-2 INCHES WIDE AND TWO FEET LONG.

Club Offer. For a club of but two yearly 20-cent subscriptions to **COMFORT** we will send you any two pieces of these Imported Flowers you may select from illustrations or list above. For a club of five yearly 20-cent subscriptions, or two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions you may select six numbers, either assorted or of one kind. Please use numbers when ordering and Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



NO. 535. BUNCH OF TWO JACK ROSES, 5 X 6 INCHES.



NO. 506. BUNCH OF SIX MARGUERITES OR DAISIES, 6 1-2 BY 12 INCHES.

Sick People, Come To Me!



I Want You To Try My Medicine Free

—Dr. E. P. King.

I Want To Heal All Who Are Sick.

I Want To Bring Relief To All Who Suffer.

I Want To Restore Courage To All In Despair.

My Medicines Have Cured Others. To Prove That You May Also Be Cured, I Will Send My Proof Treatment Absolutely Free.

My whole life's work has prepared me for the successful treatment of all diseases. I have not specialized in one disease; I have specialized in all chronic diseases. I not only know the symptoms of diseases, but I know the causes, and the most advanced medical authorities agree with me that to cure disease the physician must know the causes and be able to locate the exact seat of the trouble. He must cure the cause and then there will be no sickness.

Some doctors try to treat symptoms; I treat the disease itself. That is why I am successful when many others fail.

If some deadly disease afflicts you, if your *Throat or Lungs* are weakened and diseased and dragging you down to the grave, if you are a victim of **Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Colds and Coughs, any Disease of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder, or Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Disease, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Congestion, Sores, Grippe, Diseases of Women, General Debility, Tapeworm, Eye and Ear Trouble or any Chronic Disease**, simply write to me for my trial treatment. Let me be your physician.

All sick people are invited to send for my free trial treatment.

Tell me how you are sick; tell me as much as you can about your sickness; talk to me freely and truly about your case. I will study over your letter with care, and I will send you my free sample treatment.

I will send trial medicine absolutely free to prove that I can help you. Prove for yourself that you can go on again with life's battle filled with new vigor and courage.

Piles Cured With Free Treatment.

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I took your treatment and am now all right. I do not need any more medicine as I feel perfectly well and strong again. When I wrote for a free treatment, I was suffering with a severe case of Piles, but will honestly say that I do not need any more medicine. Yours very truly,
W. H. KINGS, Roe, W. Va.

Was Given Up As Incurable.

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I am glad to inform you at the present time that I am feeling all right every way, and that your remedies have effected a complete and permanent cure of Heart Trouble. I can also say that other doctors told my husband I could not be cured, but now I am feeling as well as ever, and if I shall ever need treatment again, Dr. King would be the one I shall go to." Yours, with respect,
MRS. GEO. McDANIEL, Viewfield, S. D.

Sick Man Cured in 60 Days.

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I consider myself perfectly well at the present time and do not hesitate to give you credit for same. My afflictions were Rheumatism, stomach and bowel troubles and Catarrh. I only used two thirty days' treatments and they cured me. Have had better health since than I have had for several years, and I would advise every sufferer to use your remedies." STEPHEN WOODWARD, Speers Ferry, Va.

No matter how long you have been sick, do not give up hope. If you have been sick a long, long time and if you have just about lost all faith in ever being cured that is all the more reason why you should write to me today.

If the first symptoms of sickness and disease have just come to distress you and unfit you for life's work and pleasures, don't wait a single day to write to me. Oftentimes most serious sickness, perhaps fatal sickness, may be escaped by my early attention and treatment.

If you are sick, write to me today.

If you do not feel just as you know you should feel and just as you used to feel when you had all the glow of perfect health, write to me today.

If you are broken down by any chronic disease, write to me today. I urge you to do this as your physician, for I am your physician if you choose.

Your disease will not cure itself. If it is left without proper treatment it may become worse, increase your suffering and endanger your very life.

There is no reason why you should put off writing to me, for I will send you my free proof treatment, absolutely without expense to you.

You take no risk. You venture nothing. Send me no money. You simply describe your troubles.

Everything you tell me will be held in strictest confidence, and I will send you the sample medicine, all charges paid, in plain wrapper. In the privacy of your own home, regain perfect health and strength and be released from all the suffering and discouragement of disease.

When I send you the medicine, I will also send you free my household book, telling the cause and treatment of diseases. This book is the product of the knowledge gained of years of labor. I will send it to you free.

Tell me in your own words what you are suffering from.

It makes no difference how many doctors and remedies have failed to cure you.

My practice is so vast and my work so varied that I have become known throughout America as a specialist to whom any sick person may come and feel sure of obtaining relief.

I treat more sick people in a year and restore them to old time health and vigor than most doctors treat in a lifetime. Is it any wonder then, with all this knowledge of disease, that I am so successful and that many people say I have cured them after hope seemed gone.

I am not boastful of this but I am proud to think that the work of my life is being crowned with such glorious success in doing good to sick and suffering people. I like to cure sick people.

DR. E. P. KING, 505 Security Trust Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

NOTE:--We want all to read this message of Dr. King to the sick. Do not despair. Dr. King is the famous Indiana physician and we know that he will do exactly as he says he will. Every suffering man and woman should accept his generous offer of free trial. You may put your confidence in Dr. King.